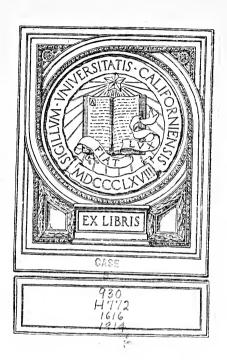
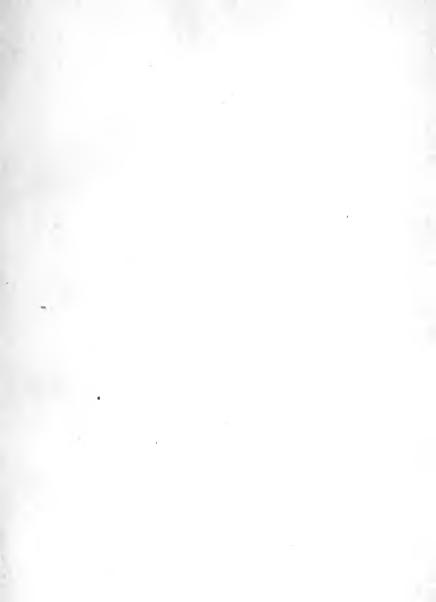


YEIECSE







The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Honest Lawyer

Written by S. S.

Date of or	ıly	known ori	ginal	edi	tıon		•		•		1616
(B.M. C. 34, b. 27)											
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Yonest Lawyer

Written by S. S.

1616

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIV

TABLEFORMS

Written by S. S.

1616

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum. Other copies are at South Kensington (Dyce) and in the Bodleian Library (Malone).

S. S. has not yet been definitely identified. Hazlitt says he was probably the "S.S." who prefixed verses to Captain John Smith's (one of the founders of Virginia) "Seaman's Grammar" (1627: see D.N.B.).

I do not know whether the initials "S. S." of the title-page of this play have been connected with Samuel Sheppard. According to the "D.N.B." this worthy "fl. 1646." He, however, "commenced his literary career about 1606 as amanuensis to Ben Jonson" . . . "was the author of . . . (9) 'The Joviall Crewe,' London, 1651, 4to (cf. Brome's play of the same name, 1641)," and "contributed prefaces" and "prefixed verses" to other literary productions of his age. The connection with Ben Jonson, and apparently also with Brome, and the two "farces" bearing his name which are "entirely made up of plagiarisms from Sir John Suckling" are suggestive facts and may be worth following up.

The workmanship of this facsimile is of the usually high standard of the series.

JOHN S. FARMER.



HONEST Lavvyer.

ACTED
BY
The QVEENES Maiesties
SERVANTS.

WRITTEN By S. S.

Fabula, quaposci vult, & spectata repont.



LONDON.

Printed by George Purslowe for Richard Woodroffe, and are to be fold at his Shop neere the great North-dore of Paules, at the signe of the guilded Key.

1616.









THE HONEST

Act. Prim.

Enter Vaster meapon'd.

Cuckold? why now t is a common name,

As the shee-Gossips are that giue it vs.

Why doth it not derive, and spread it selfe,
To all the generations we produce?

Why-should not every child of mine be call'd

Cuckold las well as Waster? Woman, woman!

Thou sad wndoer of the fairest building,
That ever earth bragg'd to be pavement to.

Man, Man, the pride of heavens creation,

Abstract of Nature, that in his small volume

Copraines the whole worlds Text, and heavens impression:

His Makers Image, Angels mate, Earths great wonder,

Made to guide all, by woman is brought vonder.

That harmonic foird Nature made to dead

That harmonie, faire Nature made to stand,
Is forced out of tune by womans hand.
A woman hath deform'd me. See, Hooke
Like any beast has homes an Assembly boast
Himselfe a home-lesse Gentleman before me.
Yet let not clouds of passion choke my reason.
Why? what's a Cue kinder let's seerdefine him:

It is a man, whose wife playes the whore. Z'lid, what's that to him? It is all one, as if a proper Gentleman should ride on a halting Iade; or a good Musician play on a broken siddle. On but will be sayd: Woman could not be so light a shippe, if her husband could well be last her. It is his insufficiencie. A poxe it is.

Had she Hercules to her husband, shee would enter the listes with some crinkle-hamm'd tilting Courtier. Well then, I fee no reason, that a womans euill; Should thus transforme man to a horned deuille No: 'twas Acteons lufts, and not his wife. That so bestagg'dhim. Hence sprouts al my shame. Fuller of truth then age, this rule hath beene : "Nothing deformes a man, but his owne finne.

Enter Robert Vafter.

Vast. No more of her. Her prayers: Are putrid sacrifices : like foule ayres, Too thicke to mount up to you glorious feeling

"When blacke hands are rear'd vp, heaven has no feeling.

Rob. She is your wife, my mother, Sir. Valt. What then Sir ?

Rob. Nothing, but that you wrong her, o my confcience.

Vaft. Oh tis a braue Puritan-world, when boyes talke of conscience! Conscience must lye at the stake; when they play but at blow-point, Sirrah, as you loue your Conscience, hate a wife, Zlid, if I thought thou wouldst marry, I would vnblesse thee, as I have difinherited thee already: Get baftards, as I would ha govenee. A woman may serue to lye withal : none good enough to marry.

Rob. Oh were you not my father, I would let was and This passion our of your impostum'd heart -- !! Why should not I forget, that your bloud moues In any veines of mine; when you forgoe yet ones deathed bost he The reason of a father, husband, man? 12 mongan 4 al And sticke degeneration on your name? If I sayle ill, know your example steer'd My voyage and my veffell. Fathers are more. Then private men: their lives are the let copies. Their children write by; and should there gine Their imitation patternes how to liue. Hell's a fad place, they fay: -- Oh, Ile dare neuer To follow my owne father leading thither. Vast. Sirra, call your mother. This boy's a Puritan.

Exit Rob.

I that





I that had nere lou'd my selfe to be thought good, Am highly pleased to see it in my blood. From whom deriues this sprigge such fruitfull inyces. The father being bad, the mother worse. Sure, he did sucke this goodnesse from his Nurse. Poore boy, my riot has vandone thee: poore Thou'rt made by me, I by a wife turnd whore. My state is morgag'd to the vsurse hand Of Gripe: my goods are wasted: all my hopes life Breathes thus: hauing sold all, Ile sell my wife.

Enter Vasters wife and Robin.

Y'are welcome, Looseneffe.

Rob. Looseneffe Sir? Oh hell!

She is my mother; pray you, vie her well.

Uast. Be gone. Rob. I cannot Sir.

Wife. Good sonne, a way.

A father gives command. Rob. I must obay. Exit.Rob.

Vast. Make much of you? I will, I will. Neuer man made more of his wife, when he sold her to her smocke. He sell thy slesh too Gypsey.

Wife. Deare husband, I am yet cleare: Oh do not you

Forceme to sinne, Ilebefor euer true.

Vast. True? true to the brothell, to the spittle, to the graue. Thou art deaths agent: a whore is one of his Beadles.

Wife. Heauen pardon your blacke flanders.

Wast. Come, I'm poore.

Wife. Who made you? Vaft. Thou, my content, turn'd whore.

Wife. Ile worke, or beg for you. Vast. No, thou hast wrought

Too much already. Here, here's thy worke. Wilt thou doe one thing? Wife. Any thing.

points to her.

Vaft. Then sweare.

And keepe thy oath. Ile trauell to the warres, And turne thee up, as some Captaines wont; and trie, If thou canst liue by thy old trade, or die,

Wife. Will you forsake me then?

Vaft. Yes, and am iuft.

Since thou forfook'st me, and thine innocence.

Be thy reward proportion d. I must hence.
Whiles thou wast good, to thee I had free desire.
Now thou are prou'd a whore recease thy hire.

Wife. Take place, thou tyrant will. Thicke woes here houer.

My state is lower then sate can recourt.

My obedience waits your pleasure.

Vaft. Hoh, within there.

Enter Mistrosse Marre-maide, Bande.

Aunt Marre-maid, I have brought you the girle

I promisd. Is the mony ready?

Marm. By that little boachy I haue to sweare by; a handsome wench. I must pay fiftie pound for her hut if she were as yong, as faire, I would get fine hundred pound by her within this moneth.

Vaft. Aunt, pray'yse her well: she's my owne sister.

Be petulat you whore, sprightly, frollick—as a Durch Tanikin,—or—This woman is a Bawd, a very Bawd; you like her the better for that. Come, skippe about, quick éssin private; Dance like a Curresan, or Ile fiddle ye. You ha more trickes in private, then a Fencer can teach a Lord, or the divell a Fencer. Life, doe you pule? I must have siftie pound for you: Doe y heare? Let your heeles caper, and your tongue grow wanton, or by these horus ile gore you—Aust, shee's somewhat sicke of that rare disease, cald Modesty. But in private I she's more infatiate then a Puritan.

Marm. How old are you, faire fifter? Waft. Not fixteene.

. Wife. About some sixe and fortie.

Vaft. Oh you Witch--- Aunt, she lies eight and twentie, at least

Please this old Hagge, make her beleeue y'are right, And answerable to her Stygian spels:
Or I will beare thee to an Armie, and there
Ha'thy sod slesh sold, lent, and profituted,
And my selse Cuckolded fortie times a day.

Leaue this forc'd sobernesse--Aunt, will you heare her speake?

Wife. I can skippe lighter then the wanton Doe, And ierke it through the Dale, I cannot hold, neither my tongue, nor heeles, (Nor nailes from scratching out a Leachers eyes)

Sure,





Sure. I am composed most of the nimbler elements: Bur little water in me, farre lesse earth, some aire, To keepe me humid, mutable, and tender. And apt for convolution : but their mixture Is scarce discernible, th'are so dispers'd. For my predominant qualitie is all fire. Pure, radiant, subtlefire.

Val. I have oft scene a couple of light heeles Carry a fober head : a womans tongue Reade lectures of civilitie; her face A printed booke, each dimple a sweet line, That doth to good the Readers eye incline, Neuer till now a body forc'd to doe. What the poore mind loaths to confent vnto. She danceth weeping laughes and fighes in paine. So I haue seene (me thinkes) Sun-thine in raine.

Marm, Enough, I long to imploy her. Coufin, heres the mony.

She's mine. Whats your name?

Vast. Florence. Marm. Florence. I like the name well. Its a good lucky name to make a whore on. You'l ftay with me. Florence.

Wife. Till you are wearyof me, Ile but take leaue of my brother. and follow you. Exit Marmaid

Vast. What with me? Wife. Am I not worthy of one kisse?

Vaft. There-new be gone.

Wife. Be gone? Death could not speake a word more fatall. Yet one more --- fo now farewell---

Vniust -- vnkind -- my woe-divining heart.

By this we first embracd, by this we part.

Exit Wife.

Vaft. I am a villaine, but the makes me weepe. Why doe I thinke the's falle? I never faw't. Tut, all bels ring that tune. It is too true.

I told her that this fiftie pound should carry me to the warres;

But I have a battle to fight ere I goe.

Old Gripe that has the morgage of my lands, Lies ficke of the Goute, and feldome stirres abroad. Some of that race Ile kill, or leaue my owne life

In payme I would have done't, I ha'chalenged-

Beniamin Gripe the sonne, whom the world cals The Honest Lawyer. He comes.

Enter Beniamin Gripe..

Y'are the sonne of a villaine.

Ben. If I were, I could not helpe it.

Vaft. Thy selfe's a villaine. Ben. Its a ranke lic.

Vest. Lie? Thou exasperatit

One mad already, that would have hazard heaven

To make this earth drunke with thy bloud.

Ben. Its deare, so bought. Twil not redeeme your soule.
Say, with deepe fluces, all these lively springs,
That runne through the soft channels of my veines,
Should be exhaust by thee, or thine by me,
And burning malice should be quencht in bloud:
He that speeds best, wins what he should abhorre,

And glories to be curft a conqueror.

Vast. Let Sophisters alone with these distinctions.
Our moderators are our swords: the question,
That cals vs forth, as warlike disputants
Beyond decision of the gowne-furr'd peace.
Draw then thy argument, and let's talke indeed.
We cannot reason soundly, till we bleed.

Ben. Let's thinke the tearmes, on which we venture bloud.

Th'ffects are waighty, let the cause be good.

Vast. Thy father hath vndone me, and mine issue.

The law affords no succour: what remaines, But onely to let him bleed through thy vaines?

Ben. How have I wrongd thee? Vast. Aske no more. The State

Of our strife is, thou art his Sonne, I hate.

Ben. No helpe? let fury arbitrate the rest.
This passion must but center in one brest.
Yet let's embrace, and pardon; and euen loue.
In hate. O suffer not the dying blood.
To prejudice the sad survivours good.

. . .

Enter Curfer the Abbots

Carf. What ynexpected clangor frights the peace





Of my delighted folitary walkes? What fonnes of mischiese in their sury tread These vnfrequented pathes? -- stay-- hold. My sonnes, heare age but speake; wisedome is old.

Vast. Peace, Dotard.

Curf. On my knees, which doubling age
Hath Icarce left able to support my corps:
By the remaining teares of fortie yeares
Spent in this penitentiall order: the last drops,
The drying hand of age hath left to dew
This witherd garden: I implore--beseech.

Tast. Father, you speake to rocks, or the surd waves.

Curf. Then on this innocent bosome turn your swords,
And ease a weake soule of her tedious portage,
Some houre before her time. O do not flie me.
Let the few drops of my slow-pacing blood,
That stands in my cold channels, expiate yours.
Ohlet a falling trunke redeeme two plants.

fight stall.

Oh let a falling trunke redeeme two plants. No remedie? let me exclaime for helpe.

(The diuell part you:) if I should now ha paid for my charitie-well: twas this Church-coate that sau'd me.

Exit crying helpe.

Vast. Oh thou hast slaine methold thy conquering hand. Heauens, you are too iust pay-masters. Thy sword, With a fate-sign'd direction, hath cut short My hoped fortunes in a longer breath.

But I forgiue thee, Flie-stay.

I haue two Orphans in this houre depriu'd Of a bad Parent. For their mother--nothing. She has a trade to liue on, O let my dying breath. Beg this one mercie at thy bloud-staind hands: Releeue them with now thine, once their owne lands.

Ben. Forgiue my deed, and by that mercie, I

Depend on for my finnes; my mercy shall
Raisery the children for the fathers fall. Farewell.

Vass. He's gone. Now vp againe. My wounds
Are slight, yet through their windows, heare I breath
Out all my malice. Noble youth, I loue thee.

Exit Ben.

B 2

How little of thy father hast thou in thee! Now for some strange disguise, till time I find, To pleasure him that was to me thus kind.

Exit.

Enter Valentine.

Valen. Well, I fee there's no living in London. The foure winds have conspired to blow all the villany of the world thither. When I returnd from my short trauell, I inquir'd, for the knot of my old companions. But like an old Ladie, that has much yld painting, how fuddenly are they broken! I heard of three or foure in Bed-Fine or fixe in Bridewell. Halfe a score ith Counter. a whole dozen at Tyburne. But Oh, numbers, numbers, ynder the hands of Barber-Surgions. Some turnd Squires to a Brothell. Others walke New-gate lane. Some cheating in Ordinaries. Others prigging in crowds. And the rest, either swomme or uer sea, or drownd vpon a hill. Well, I do not like these procecdings; there bee so many rubbes. I could now begge in Dutch. but its no speeding language. Now my villanie failes on the sea, Ile trie what cheates the land has to worke on. I learn'd some scuruie medicins of our Surgion of the ship: & had no sooner fet vo my bils in Bedford here; but a Goutie cure comes halting to mee. Fifty pounds I must have to heale him. Five and twentie I have in pawne: for the rest, Ile leaue it with the next Quacksaluer, that with more skill shall doe him as little good.

Enter Gripe halting, Nice and Thirsty.

Grip. Cousin Nice, and my man Thirsty.

Thirst. Shall I fetch you some drinke. Six ?

Thirst. Shall I fetch you some drinke, Sir? Grip. No. Thy mind runs all oth pot.

Thirst. So't had need, for you keepe mee Thirsty, spight o'my seeth.

Gripe. Goe you two to the vnder-Sheriffe; and bid him by vertue of this morgage, give you possession of Vasters lands. The beggerly slave has broken with me, and sle take the forseit. Go quicke, quicke. I will not lose an house.

Nic. Ile but goe to the Church for a little holy-water ---

Grip. Be drownd in holy-water.

Nic. No, but a little sprinkled Sir. We shall have the better fuecesse in our businesse.





Grip. I pree thee good Nice, dispatch, dispatch.

Thir. I, come, come master Nice. There's good licour ith'house, You may sprinkle your throte with that. Its bester then holywater.

Nic. One thing Sir. I do not like going to day. Sure tis not a luckie time. For the first Crow I heard this morning, cryed twice. This Eucn, Sir, is no good number.

Grip. Poxe o'Crowes and numbers. If thou hadft given her a

peece of carrion, the would ha' cryed againe. Away.

Nic. I go, Sir---flay, what if there be a Rauen about the ground? Shall we then take possessions. Oh tis an valuekie bird.

Grip. Why, let her croke the downfall of his house.

What's that to me? prethee good Nice make hafte.

Nic. Nay, too much hafte will make one stumble: and thats

no good figne,

Grip, Now, Valentine, Haft all things ready? how now---a-

Nic. A toy comes in my head.

Valen. Poxe o'that head : more toyes yet?

Ni. How if a Catte fits on the Buttry hatch? Thou we'ft proceed no further. My Grandam told me that a Cat fitting on the hatch, was an ill figne.

Grip. Mew. Beate her off, dash out her braines. Good Nice be

not fo curious.

Ni. Oh Sir, hit's good doubting the worst. Exemt Nice. Thir. Grip. Are all things ready, Valentine? this soole troubles mee

worse then the gowte.

Val. Sir, the remedie is verie painfull. I could give a tedious course of physicke, worse then any sicknesse. Keepe you fasting sixteene dayes together, saue the dyet I give you. Binde you to the post of patience every day tenne houres, and have one still poure scaulding water on you: purge your very heart out: send your eyes out of their holes, to see how your feete doe: make your guttes barke worse, then an hundred dogges at a beare-bayting. But my medicine is sharpe and short, but passing sure. Sir, there be foure kindes of gowre:

Gripe. No more of kinds. There's no gowte kind to any man,

I thinke, but to Phylicians. Your remedy fhore-short.

B 3

Val. Sir, nothing : specially of no cost. Do y'see this ten-penny naile?

Gripe. Yes: What of that?

Val. This naile I must drive through your great toe.

Grip. What? through the bone? Val. Yes, bone & flesh too. Grip. Oh-oh-giue me my money. This medicine's worse then any gowte. Oh good Valentine, your tent's too long -- too long.

Val. Then sit and rot : be rack'd still, Ile be gone.

Grip. Nay, good Valentine: would not a fixe-penny naile ferue? Val. You'l be Physician, will you? If you'l fit downe and be cur'd, so: if not, farewell.

Grip. Nay, good Valentine: -- eucn do thy will.

Val. Endure it manfully. It's but a brunt——fo. (nailes him. You shall sit but a quarter of an houre, till I ha' been at the Apothecaries, and then Ile loose you. Now farewell, gowty foole, Thou took it no purge, yet hast a most sharpe stoole.

Pray heauens, this kill him not. Well, let him lit. I be takes away his And this shal go with me. I pray Stake your case. purse with his keis This plot has tooke; try if some new may hit. Exis Val.

Grip. Come-come-Valentine. Oh-neuer was man so farre in my bonds, as I am in this Physicians. H'has nayl'd me to him. That euery whore in London, were but i'my case now.

Why Valentine ___ Enter Nice panting. Thirsty.

Oh he's come. How now? are you return'd? where's my morgage? out Villaines, where's my morgage? Oh my toe -- oh my morgage. I'm vndone.

Thirft. Me thinkes you are too fast, Sir.

• Nr. Plague o' you and your morgage. Oh my heart - it beats fo, that it has broke my buttons. I would not bee so frighted againe to be made your heire.. puffe.

Grip. What's the newes Thirsty? what, what, good Thirsty?

Thir. Let me vndoe you Master.

Grip. No, not till I heare of my morgage. What's the mat-

Ni. The matter? I would not ha' fuch another crosse, for all

the crosses i' your purse.

Grip. What? oh-- what? Is my morgage fafe? Hath the vn-det-Sheriffe done a miracle, and playd the honest man? what good Thirsty?

Thirsty





Thirst. Nothing Sir, but a Hare cross'd him the way; and hee, po ore timorous soule, durst goe no further for feare of sprights.

Grip.: Oh rogues, pernicious villains, you conspire to couzen me: ger out the naile, Thirsty. Hares, and Rauens, and Diuels.

Enter Beniamin.

Ben. Who has abus'd you thus Sir? could you be so credulous, to thinke this a receyte good for the Gout? Sir, give me leave to helpe you.

Grip. Do, good Ben, but not in this, Ben, not in this. Oh my morgage man, my morgage-run, I shall lofe a dayes fruits of my mor-

gage.

Ben. Come Sir, respect your health aboue your gaine.

I would not for your wealth haue halfe your paine.

looseth him.

Go in Sir, get some broth, looke to your wound.

Your morgage leave to me, lie keepe that sound.

Grip. Take my cousin Nice with you. Come Thirsty, helpe Thirsty.

Ben. Now for some cleanly tricke to shift my hands

(Exit.

Of this same shallow superstitious foole.

Now couzen, I'am sure you are not without an Erra Pater i'your pocket. They say this is like to be a very strange yeare.

Nice. Most strange, and full of preposterous, prodigious, turbu-

lent, dismall, fatall, amazing, terrifying---

Ben. Bleffe vs. What?

Nic. Wonders. The effects whereof wil appeare in rifings, partly biformed, and partly circular, on mens forheads, and womens mountaines.

Ben. Is there no fad mortality to enfue?

Ni. Yes, my Almanacke speakes of a most searefull pestilence, especially to happen amongst Taylors and Gold-end-men. Ther's a statute-lace shall vindoe them is ayth. A Taylours Bill shall be no more so deadly as the plagues.

Ben. Sirrah Nice, I had a dreame to night.

Nic. Paffion o'my heart! a dreame? what? I do not like these dreames.

Ben. Ile tell thee what. Me thought, my troubled fancie Led me into a Garden proudly deckt With Natures glory, and the sweetest flowers,

That:

That ere my breath suck'd vp.: where the greene grasse.
Tempted my sleepy spirits to soft repose.
There came, me thought, a friend (dead now long since).
And shooke me by the hand, and question'd me
Of many sad euents, whose conference
So vex'd me that I woke. Why stand'st amaz'd?
Thou wilt not leave me Coz.

Nic. Yes, and you were ten Cousins. Dreame of a garden, and greene rushes, and a dead friends salutation? Cousin, make your will, be rul'd and make your will: you cannot liue.

Nic. So will not I. Good Coz, I leave you to your destinie.

Ben. Wilt thou be a foole of fate? who can Preuent the destinie decreed for man? Ile on.

The next newes I heare, the Lawyer's a dead man. Dreames quoth a! and he will not beleeue a dreame, he's an Infidell. One night I dream't that I found gold at a play. Next day I came thither, flatter'd with these hopes. Zlid, before the Prologue had done, I had lost my purse. Coz'if you ha'no faith in dreames, farewell, I would not dreame of heaven, left I find hell. Exit. Ben. This charme has cast him off, now to my morgage. Oh Vaster, thouast dead; thy haplesse issue, Expos'd to the bleake ayre of these cold times, I have no meanes to expiate the wrongs, My cruell Father, and my felfe more bloudy, Haue done thee, but by charitie to thine, All the poore pieces that remaine of thee. So with the plaisters of our broken good, We hide the wounds, first having shed the bloud.

Within there Hoh. Enter Robert, and Anne Vaster.

Rob. Thou com'st vpon thy death, infectious issue of the worlds plague; if thy bloud stained foote enter these dores. Our parents are from home. Till their returne, Ile keepe possession. Or lose it with my life.

Ben. Incensed Youth.

Thou fight'it gainst power with a sword of straw:
As good cope with the diuell, as with the Law.

Anne. Me thinks, Sir, there should dwell some pittie in your looke.





Oh, cast an eye of mercie on the woes,
Of two most wretched Orphans; doubly lost,
First in their Parents miscries: but, oh! most
In their vntimely deaths; for we doubt fore,
We neuer shall behold their faces more,
Ben, My griefe requites you both.

No matter, had it so pleas d the high powers, If that my Father had excused yours.

Ann. Good Sir, forget your strength, and do not triumph ouer the prostrate fortunes of two wretches, Expos'd to vnresisted tyrannie.

Behold a Mayden begging on her knee-

Ben. Rife: that's heavens due. These armes now thee intwine,
That wish for ever, to be called thine:
A strange new influence runs through my affections,

A fit angene with a three forms and there in throng in y and the control of Commands my lower faculties to loue This poore diffressed Virgin. I am flam'd With pittle and affection; whether more!

Yet let my fenses some coole reason gather?
What, love the daughter, and have slaine the father?
(I must: heaven knowes I must). See, my lov'd friends:

My comming to you is for other ends. My Father fent me to inuade your lands.

A while stand free redeemed with my hands.

There's money to relieue you: that done, you shall have more.

Despaire not: heaven will not forsake the poore.
Rob. Right noble sonne of so profest a foe,

Heauen be as kinde to you, as you t'our woe.

Ben. I burst, if I containe my passion. Fairest Virgin,

If thou dar'st credite me, I love thee.

Red. Hold. Here take your kindnes back: Though we are poore, My fifter was not bred to be a whore.

Porbeare to touch her.

Ben. Fond Youth, thy rage is vaine. Th'art young: thy errous doth thy vertue staine. Iloue her as a wife.

Anne. Oh doe not mock me.

How can I thinke, you to fuch fortunes borne.
Will looke vpon a Mayd, so poore, forlorne?

Ben. Alas! that pourty should vertue smother.
Not in my brest. No, He still honest be:
Vertue in rags are gold's all one to me.
Censure me both, as you shall finde me true,
He be your father, and your brother too.

Enter old Gripe brought in a chaire, by Nice and Thirsty.

Grip. So, let me downe, till I haue feene my new morgage. How now fon Beniamin, ha' you taken possession?

Ben. Of that you cannot dispossesseme, Sir.

Grip. No knaue? What wilt thou take my lands before I'm dead? You are a braue son indeed. But this is the world. If the father be poore, the sonne would be ridde of him, to saue charges. If rich, he must have his lands ere his bones be cold.

Thir. They may be cold, for they ha been rotten these dozen.

veeres.

Nic. I am very hungry. Thir. I am very thirfly.

Ni. But dare not eate, because I was dream'd to night of cho-king.

Ann. Now brother w'are, vndone. The damned father will peruert the son.

Rob. Gowt, dropsie, lamenesse, rotten legges can hasten T'vndoe the poore. Vsurers that sit Bound to their chaires with charms, & cannot moue But by their porters, can to ill bestirre them. He needs make haste, that is at hell before them.

Grip. Ha? for 3. Moneths?

Ben. Indeed Sir, by that power you put me in,

In charity to their miferable state,

Orphan'd of Parents, and of meanes to liue, I gaue them 3. moneths profite of the lands.

Grip. Out Villaine, Charitie's a begger, as thou wur be. 3. moneths! three weekes, 3. dayes, 3. houres had been more charity, then euer I shew'd, or will shew to such beggers. Come Nice, Thirsty, list me: Ile take possession my selfe.

Ben. I hope Sir, you'l not nullifie my deed. Exit Thirst.

Grip.





Grip. Deed mee no deedes: He nullifie thee from being mine heire. Com, helpe me I fay.

Nic. Indeed Sir, I dare not lift you against the poore.

Grip. Where's my man Thirsty? Nic. He's gone in to drinke Sir.

Grip. Oh he's a good knaue: he has got possession or'h house.

Thir. Of nothing master but the Buttry, I. Grip. As lame as I am, Ile in my selfe.

Rob. Sit still you lethargie : y'had better drop ----

Ben. Containe your selfe, young friend. He is my father,

Let not the warme nest of my loue to you,

Hatch vp encouragement to my fathers wrongs.

Rob. You are my sterne Sir, at your pleafure guide

This tempest-beaten vessell.

Ben. Good Sir confiame

This worke of pietie, which I prefum'd, On faith of your good nature to affoord.

Grip. Sirrah, your good nature will bring you to th'Almefhouse. Thou shalt not inherit a doyt of mine. And for you two Kitlins, Ile make you mew ith Iayle, and there be any law in England. So this chasing fit hath got me the vse of my legges againe. Oh excellent Surgion; would thou wert here againe, for the other 25, pounds.

Ben. Strange! that same Quack-saluer has done him good, a-

gainst his will. How fare you Sir?

Grip. The worse for thee Bastard. Th'hast too much charitie in thee to be the sonne of old Gripe.

Ann. Deare brother, yeeld possession : wee'l begge rather,

Then this our worthy friend should lose his father.

Rob. Sir, be not so incens'd: resume your sonne

Into your former loue, and I refigne
All right, that his free promise hath made mine.

Grip. Come then, Nice, Thirsty. Oh braue Surgion, I can goe.

Oh braue morgage I can enter. Exit.

Nic. M. Beniamin, a fober word in private. If this wench want harbour, I care not if I give her a nights lodging.

Ben. I have invited her with her brother to supper this night. Will you—

C 2

Ni. Oh it's Fry-day, and I know you have flesh.

Ben. Thou wouldst take her any night. Is she not flesh?

Nic. Sweet Cousin, I would not eate her. If you please to commend me to her: let me see, for what -- I leave that to you.

Ben. Goe in, let me alone. This petulant foole

Shall be my scasfold to erect my plots.

Come, friends, valode your forrowes on my heart.

Grieses weight is eas'd, when each one beares his part.

Act. Secund.

Enter Curfew Abbot.

Curf. THus am I stolne out from the Couent, Abbot. Ly there, thou happy warranted case Of any Villaine. Th'hast been my stawking-horse. Now thele ten months. So long'tis fince the Abbot Went on a solemne pilgrimage and left My brother, a good honest Fryer, his friend Deputed for him. But my brother scarce Warme in his new vice-honour, walking out. To visite me one morning, at my house. Fell dead of an impostume suddenly. I bury'd him in private, but from's bloud Am purer then the Crystall, Studying now, How to turne forrow into policie, I have affum'd his shape. Who can deny, But that a Dunce may rife to Dignitie? Blind Ignorance doth not alwaies strut in Sattin-It often walkes a Clergy pace in blacke, And deales the holy Rites with as bold hands, As if it grasp'd lones thunder and did judge it. Enough to stare, looke bigge, and with a brow More rugged then is Radamanths, denounce Terrors against ill deeds: the whiles their owne Are not leffe monstrous, but leffe broadly showne. Thus in my felfe, how easie't is, I proue, To sweat out judgements gainst the sins we loue-





The Honeft Lawrer

As if a garment of world-couzning grace Were impudently good, fet out by place.

Well. I get nothing by this borrow'd forme. But countnance to my thefts. This hollow tree Keeps all my holinesse: Lie there Abbot, till My worke is done, then doe thou hide my ill.

Enter Valentine gallant.

Masse heres comes one already.

Valent. Nowhaue I, like a Parasite, couerd my backe with braines. Out of my vlurers Gowtie toe, I haue spun a faire suite. I would faine heare; whether the diuell be dead or no. Yet I need not be so inquisitive, for I'm sure he has give me nothing in's will. Now am I in quest of some vaulting house. I would faine spend these erownes, 28 I got them, in cony-catching. I ha'the game in fent, & will follow it with full cry-

Carf. Stand --- Give the word.

Val. Word? what word?am I beleaguerd?

Carf. Few words are best among friends. Emptie your pockets,

and you may vault the lighter. Quicke.

Val. Th'art an honest fellow, a very honest fellow. In good faith Thad no great need of mony; but fince thou hast brought me some, Ile not refuse it.

Carf. Troth, I habut a little.

Val. Faith nor I. we'll euen draw cuts, who shall ha'both.

Curf. Agreed .- Shalf we breathe?

Val. Good fortune grant, you be able to pay me for this paines. In fadnes, I deferue double fees.

Caf He make you plead harder, ere you fir downe to tell your

INQUEY.

Vat. Looke that your case be good, I shall picke a hole in't else.

". Curf. Well, let the law paffe.

Val. Not altogether fo : left we be both hange,---Stand your ground, Zlid, I cannot abide these running Cockes.

Curf. I have seene a runner winne the battell .--- Shall wee draw stakes?

Val. Ha? a match .-- Throw by weapons, and lets embrace. Curf. I am a villaine, but I feare your clutch worfe then a Seriants. Val. As I'm true theefe, thou maist trust me.

Ha firrah!

Robins

Robin Hood, and the Pindar of Wakefield had not a stiffer bout. Shall we cling, like a couple of Eeles, not to be ediffolu'd but by Thunder?

Curf. Most liberally. Let's set up shop together.

Enter Vaster disquisd.

Val. Done: & to begin our trade, behold a customer. Stand close. Valt. This ruffet-shape of a plaine-dealing yeoman Spirits my hopes with boldnesse. Sharpe suspition Like to a winking Iusticer shall see me, And yet not see me. Thus with griefe-swolne eyes, He match my wife, and childrens miferies. This fiftie pound Ile husband like a Badger; Buy and fell Barley: and so easily wind Into the present passages of Bedford. How good a schoolemaster is Pouertie! I could not line on hundreds, that came in By annuall rents; now I begin to thriue On the small fragments. Thus like Prodigals, That once did scorne the meate, now glad of pottage. The mannor gone, Ile trie to liue oth' cottage. Bedford, ha'for you.

Curf. Stand. Give the word. Vast. The word, y'are a theefe.

Val. You might ka'fhot twice, and not hit it righter.

Vast. What do you shoot at?

Curf. Oh Sir, like your Icsuite, all at the purse.

Val. Will you cast out the divell, and saue's a conjuring.

Wast. Are you so cunning at the blacke Art? Ile trie yourskill. What, both at once? that's no faire play.

Cirf. Faire play is for Fencers. Yet thou feemft a good fellow. Thou shalt have it. Stand a fide, partner.

U.s.f. Saist thou me so, boy? then there's mony, win't and wear't.

Val. Now could I get in and rob 'hem both--- Hercules! Hee laies about him like Orlando Furiofo, or a coward turnd desperate. Braue boy yfaith. Wee might ha'robd two and twenty Taffata-clok'd rorers, before this freese-iacket. Oh, your surly Bore is like





a bloudy'd Mastisse: when your spruce Pautaloun bawles like a whelpe in a Tauerne: yet at the sight of cold yron runs, as if he had seene a Serieant,

Curf. Hold, hold: Keepe your cash.

Vait. The mony's good mony Sir, if it be not too heavy for you Curf. Nay, for the weight I could make shift, but for the scuruy conditions goe with it.

Vast. Hau you any gall to't Sir?

Val. Not not fo much as pigeon. Put vp thy cash my braue quintessence of Hobbniols. Giue me thy hand. How many thousand cudgels hast thou broken i'thy daies about a May-pole?

Curf. I warrant, as many as would make all Bedford chimnies

smoke a whole winter.

Vast. Iest on. Ha'you any more to say to me.

Curf. Nothing my braue Clem o'th Clough, but I would thou would the deale with vs. Say, shall weeput all our stockes together, and fer out a ship of our owne?

Vaft. Ha? first tell me truly what you are;

Curf. Agreed, Let's fit downe to counfell. I am the Abbot of Newman.

Vast. How? much?

from Pilgrimage. My chamber shall be our Randeuous. The diuell himselse in the shape of a blurting Constable wil not looke for vs there.

Val. I am a fouldiour, and in this vacation time am forc'd to do like Lawyers; when fuites do not make them, they make fuites: because the warres will not maintaine me, I maintaine the warres. If et vp my Bils in Bedford here, for a Physician, and dealt with Gripe for the Gowt. I have a project to swell our purses till they burst. Will you second me?

Vast. As inseparably, as a condition does an obligation.

Val. I have often heard the gripulous Dorard talke of Fairies: and how rich the house proues that they haunt. I have tipened the blifter of his imagination to the full. Shall we launce it? I have keys that shall fecure our conveyance. Is't a match?

By craft, more their by ftrength, all thereies do rife

Of many politicke knaues you cannot spie one. The Foxe will have his prey before the Lion.

Val. Two or three nights we'le scatter some small peeces of sil-

uer, till opportunitie plumpe our proiect.

Conf. I take it rightly. Oh tis quicke and sharpe.
So with a Gudgeon lost, we'll earth a Carpe. Abootie.

Enter Griffin, Sager, Bromley.

Griff. As I was faying, Master Browley, why should you take th' aduantage of your neighbour Sager here? Y haue got the reuerfion of his Lease, Ther's is but one life to come in't. Wee are all mortall. It may come ere you looke for't. I loue peace, I loue peace.

Brom. I say, that life is forfeit: and Ile enter on all. The law is on

my fide. Ile not be bound to th'peace.

Griff. Nay Sir, Ile bind no man: but if I could perswade you---to be sleeced both, so I might be kept warme in your wooll---How

say you neighbour Sager?

Sag. Alas Sir, I do but defend my owne. Nay could be wel-contented to fit downe With some (though valus) losse. I judge it best. Though with some prejudice to buy my rest.

Griff. Therein you wrong your felfesthe law is impartiall, like a Bell, as found on one fide, as on th'other, if the clapper be right. Master Bromley a word—What will you judge me worthy of, If I perswade him to relinquish his right? You know your case—.

Brom. Here's twenty angels: worke it good Master Griffin, work it; and you shall be my everlashing Atturney. But if you faile, you

must returne.

Greff. Pish, neuer cashe o'that man---Mr. Sager, a word--I loue peace, though I cannot flue by't. I respect my conscience aboue my purse---when t'has no money in't.---What will you give mee to draw Bremley to a good handsome composition?

Sag. Not a pennie, till y'haue done't.

Griff. You know twill go against you, but I loue peace.

Sag. (I neuer knew't in any of your Tribe.
Th'euent be what it will, lle giue no bribe.)
Sir, as I like your end---God and my caufe,
Are coate of fleele, gainst the sharpe fangs of lawes.

Grif.





Grif. Shall we walke on? out lourney's long.

Curf. Not so long as you take't. Stand, good Mr. Lawyer, shallI puta case to you now?

Val. Come, vntruffe, we have hast of bufineffe?

Curf. Quicke firrah, I shall serve an Execution o'your throte else Grif. Indeed Gentleme, I am forry that I'm not better stored for you. If you had tooke me comming from terme, I could have served your turnes better.

Valen. Bind them, hamper the regues. Serue a Habeas corpus on

that fierifacies.

Curf. How happy were this common wealth! how found!

If every corrupt Lawyers fingers were thus bound.

Vast, Sager, I know thee poore: here take thy purse. Though I rob these, no poore man shall me curse.

Val. Tarry till Ilay the Lawyer in the midft of his clients.

Are your talons bound Harpy? Thou lieft now like a Stallion new gelt, betwirt two Mares. This is a Distringis, sirrah.

Farewell pettie-fogger.

Secedant fures.

Grif. Oh neighbours, I'am vndone, vndone.

Brom. Then helpe to vindoe me. Ile haue my action against the Rogues.

Sag, Stay till you catch them mafter Browley. Well, somewhat this my falling state relecues: That honesty speeds well cuen amongst thecues

Brom. Helpe, helpe. Good master Griffin, your breath's strongest, yawle, yawle. Your tongue could neuer stand your Clients in more stead.

Enter Vasters wife.

Wife. I heard this way fome mans diffrested voyce, Crying for helpessome robbery. Oh tis no wonder! A A theese and bawdy house are ne're farre asunder. Grif. Oh good woman helpe, helpe to vntie vs. Wif. I know'hem all. Two knaues, one honest man.

They know not me in this translation.
Come Sir, Ile loose you first, helpe you the rest.
Do well to all, but to the good do best.

Grif. Oh that I had the villaines vpon an execution now.

Wife.

Wife. Would you turne hang-man, Sir?

Grif: I faith fweet wench, I would shewhem the law.

Wife. Oh pitie them: necessiric has no law.

Perhaps want forc'd them; though it was not good.

What Horseleaches are they, that full, sucke blood!,

There is an Inne, enter, refresh your selues.

Their losses money yet I mone their state.

Who pities me most, most vnfortunate!

Robd of a husbands loue, now of himselfe.

How farre is this beyond all losse of pelfe!

Exeunt;

Thy wishd content, though I forsaken die.
This witch has tyr'd me with her customers,
Whom I have all sent home with betterd minds.
Against her vicious will, I force her striue
By vertue rather, then by lust to thriue.
I know, I am expected.

He fold me hither; may that finfull price
Of my deepe forrow neuer prejudice
His happinesse, what climate euer holds him.
Be bleft sweet husband; let my ruine buy

Exit.

Conf. The lackes be now vncag'd, and flutterd hence.
Vaft. (The woman, that released them, I should know.
She frees them from this bondage to a worse.
There is no theese, like whose, to picke the purse.)

Val. Shall we not shift ground?

emf. By no meanes: A theefes safest residence is in the same plat he did the robberie. There, of all places, the Cuckoldly hue will neuer crie after him.

Vast. When shall we share the booties, and be proud,

How liberally our division mounts?

Curf. The daies worke done, we'l cast up the accounts.

Val. Where's the pettie-foggers Portmanteau? Curf. Here. Val. Lay't there. So, you shall fee me catch a fat Picketell, with this Gudgeon presently. Stand close.

Enter old Gripe, Nice, Thirsty.

Nic. Vncle, vncle, I had a certaine feuruy dreame to night.

Grip. Dreame? what of dreames? good cousin be not so nice.

Nic. I dreamt.— Grip. Be hang'd.

N





Ni. Beyouhang'd, Vncle.

Thirst. Behang'd both, except I may have fonce drinke.

Nic. Me thought I found a great deale of money.

Gripe. I would we had it, coufin, without dreaming.

Thirst. Whoop master- no part of my finding.

Grip. No matter for a part : all's mine.

takes up the
Portmanters

Nic. Nay, all s mine for dreaming.

Thirst. Nay, all's mine for finding: and Ile keep't.

Val. Soft, firrah : it lies there for a wager.

Nic. What wager, Sir? --

Val. Marry, that who cuer finds it, shall loofe all the money in's purse.

Nic. Ile not meddle with it.

Grip. Ile ha' no parrin'.

Val. Judgen Cal, Gentiemen: ha'they not loft the wager?

Curf. Vast. Lost, lost; as sure as Virginitic; no sooner laid then lost.

Val. Come then to pay, to pay. (Sure this is Gripe, my Bedford-Gowtie-Viurer. Plague o'your flilts; what Carpenter fet 'hem vpright? not my wimble, I hope.

Nic. Oh I am spoyld, spoyld; this tis to dreame of finding mo-

ney -- I knew, what twould come to.

Thirst. Saue your labour, good master Theese: for my breeches

are ith' fashion, a great deale of pocket, but no lining.

Vast. This is the rocke that split me. Oh good fate!

That thou hadst now about thee halfe my state.

Is't sinne to rob the Theese? by vsurious course,

He once robd me, now I rob him by force.

No difference but this, twixt him and me.

I ha' not fuch protection, as had he.

Grip. Oh I am a poore man, a verie poore man.

Vast. Thou art indeed; wealth without vie doth free
No Toule from the bleake flormes of pouertie.

Who cannot natures requests satisfie
Out of his wealth, his coffer's rich, not he.

Val. Be they all bound to the good forberance?

Vall. Thus farre quits my reuenge. The V furer lies,
As fast in mine, as I am in his tyes.

Now let me kill him. No, bloud shall not die

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My

My other sinnes in purple. Lye there. Loe! That the wife lawe would ferue all viurers fo. How few in thy bonds didft thou ere vntie? Now bound thy felfe, fo without mercy lie.

Secedunt.

Curf. Come, let's retire to our refuge. Nic. Vncle, vncle. I would this all were but a dreame too. Grip. Oh coz, I'am damnd, damnd, my mony's gone.

Elstow morgage is lost. Wallow to me, Nice.

Nic. Oh vncle, its dangerous tumbling, fnakes i'the graffe. Grip. Wallow to me, Thirsty.

Thirft. Master, I'm so drie, I cannot stirre my feet.

Grip, Helpe .-

Enter Vasters wife.

wife. More robberies yet? tis strange, how villains swarme! Mischiefes hold-close to keepe each other warme. Three ranke corruptions make their neere abode. An Abby, Bawd'house, and a Theeuish rode. Where be these men distressed?-how? my Vsurer? Shall I vnbind him, that hath bound my husband In mercileffe fetters? Yes, I'm bidden, fills With good deeds to requite my enemies ill, . Come, diuell, lie vnlose thee.

Grip. Oh how I'm croft! My mony, and my morgage, all, all loft.

Nic. Masse, a prety wench -- If she lay thus bound before mee, I would not loofe her, but vpon some conditions,

Wife. VVill you go in Sir, and refresh your selfe?

Grip. He follow thee, sweete girle. Would I could cope This morgage, though my other be past hope, .

Thirst. Doe they brew wine here? Valt. See how this woman kill me quits, and croffes.

I rob and binde, and she releeues their losses.

Why doth she thus? Its but a tricke of hers;

By charitie to draw in customers. I am now patient, but more Cuckold still. I helpe her to supply, gainst my owne will.

Carf

Excunt





Curf. Shall we retire to my chamber, and share?

Enter Beniamin.

Val. Tarry. Here comes another Iack-daw: let's plucke him, and take his feathers with vs----frand.

Ben. Thou durst not say so, were we on just tearmes.

Valen. You should bee some Lawyer, you stand so on your termes

Faith, we must change professions with you, you must give's our fees.

Ben. Youle earne then first?

Val. Braue Sir, so do not Lawyers alwayes.

But when you'r payd your felfe, you'l giue's our due.

Vast. Hold, Gentlemen, this is my friend.

Carf. Thine, noble V-loys? thou shalt begge hisransome then.

Vast. Hee stands secure. Haste to your chamber. There sle

meet you presently and then wee't share.

Exempt.

Ben. Are thy ends good in this given libertie?

Or dost it here alone to murder me?

Vaft. Not with my fword, but with a tale shall wound thy a-

mazed heart ----come, let's fit downe.

Ben. What tale? good friend, be plaine and short.
Woe to a heart, by expectation centuples the smart.
Vast. I have commendations to you from one Vaster:

For by's description you should be the man.

Ben. Liues Vaster then?

Vaft. 'Las Sir, you know he's dead.

And by your bloudy hand was murdered.

Vast. Is not your name Sir Beniamin Gripe!

Ben. What then?

Vaft. You kill'd him, Sir. Poore man he dy'd With penitence to heaven, to you remission. Sayd, that you did it like a man, prouok'd By his intemperate rage. Fate gave that I Keeping his walke, came to close vp his eye.

Ben. Heauen pardon me; What fayd the dying Vafter?

Ben. By me?

Vast.

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Vast. He charg'd me seeke you out, and gaue me gold, To bury him in secret; lest his death Should hazard yours, and charm'd my filent breath.

Ben. His loue gives fire to my greene pile of forrowes.

May his bones rest in peace : in griefe I liue; *Lesse he and heaven do my blacke fault forgive.

Vaster. He hath forgiuen you, only this he begges;

That to the scatter'd pieces of himselfe, Left to furuiue his miseries vncomplete, His Widow and his Orphans, you would yeeld Some pittic for your owne, heavens, and his fake: And teach that hand, (from which he hop'd fome good) To succour theirs, that tooke away his blood. He bad me tell you, now all nicanes were gone, To expiate that sinne, saue only one: To hold those vp, that on the worlds sea swimme: Since he had them yndone, you vndone him. That you would be to them, as he should be:

This he bequeath'd you as a Legacie.

Ben. Ile be a just Executor of his will. Good friend, great thankes: my purse th'hast spar'd to ceaz But what is worse, hast robb'd me of my peace. Vaster, th'art dead : if thy transformed soule, Could from the battlements of you high Tower, Behold the vow'd endeuours of my heart, To fatisfie thy will and my huge debt, In thee, to thine, thou wouldit my merit fet 'Mongst thy best friends: yet narrow are my bounds; To give them plaisters, that first gave them wounds.

Vast. Farewell Sir, thinke on Vaster. Ben. Friend adieu. To Vaster and my vowe I will be true. How thicke the sharpe pulse of my conscience beates! How strangely my distracted Phantsie threats! Oh vnappeased murder, that still keepes

The sensitive committer from fast sleepes: And murmurs in the eares a fatall knell Of resticise thoughts on earth, of worse in hell, How deepe thou strik'st me with a filent blow!





Be patient heart, to thy fate humbly bow.
Fetch him againe I cannot; oh his fowne
Is too too mortall. Why then hurl'd I downe
My finking spirits? Let me flye to mirth,
And burden cares with wine, to make them finke.
The worlds rule is, Who feels the lode of conscience let him drink.
But oh importunate griese! too hard it is,
To counterfet a false and forged blisse!
Yet once Ile force a tryall; I haue here an Inne,
I heare and wonder, is turn'd house of finne.
Ile see, if the loose sprawles, with their sharpe wit,
Can giue my mind a medicine for this fit.
Whores I abhorre, as Gardiners Iayes: no matter;
Once for experiment, Ile heare them chatter.

Enter Vasters Wife.

Prevention! I thinke here's one of the journey-women come, to proffer me her feruice. Black proflitution! that any such face should cuer waite vpon thee. Sifter, what seeke you?

Wife. What is hard to find:

An honest man, or els my eyes are blinde.

Ben. Fut, is I say I'm one, I then fall short,
Of the occasion I intend for sport.
I'm such a foole in this Priapus-rode.
Mee thinks, sweet-heart, your honest-man should bee one, that should please your appetite, stirre your veines, tickle your bloud, and make you laugh delight into your panting spleene.

Wife. An honest diuell.
Thare friends to hell, that tempt weake soules to euill.

Ben. Come, let me kisse thee ——so: this was with ease; Words are ayry shades, thate deeds that please.

Wife. Sir, do not thinke to enter my chaste fort, Encourag'd by this parle. You presume ----

Ben. Not to valocke thy treasures with such keyes.
Gold only can surprise such holds as these.

And I have that will doo't.

Wife. Then vie it well.

How's wealth abus'd, when it conducts to hell!

Sir, I will fet no price on your defires.

Ben. Ile be the franker Pay-master.

Wife. You must: Then pay me for my vertue: so Ile take it. What starues lust, is well bought; not what it feedes.

'Tis follies dregges, with coyne to buy ill deedes.

Ben. Come, come; why should you be so quaint, and nice, That know what belongs to 't?' Dsso, a Virgin' At thirteene, or perhaps a little vnder, Could not with whuling nay's be so peruerse, In her beworded Mayden-head. Wif. I must.

Ben. Thou doft not rightly of my merits deeme. I would not know you fuch, as you now feeme.

Ben. The golden footed law, that goes or runs, Staies, and turnes backe, as we give motion to it, Shall step the pase, which thou would shaue it. Nay, Speake as thy tongue instructs it. I will change Thy poverty to gold, rich robes, a Coach, And prauncing Coursers, that shall whirle thee through The popular streets; and when thou sits in pride, The tamed law shall lacquay by thy side.

Wife. These are some incitations to a heart Tainted with malice, or that thinkes a heaven In glorious oftentation; or would stand Affected with the bane of prurient lust. I'm of another temper. Pray you leave me.

Ben. Thou shalt Nectar drinke:
Make ebrious waste of the sweet Gnossian wines;
Fesants shall be course dyet: refin'd marow,
Small pounded nuts, and losseng'd Amylum,
Scrap'd pearle and date-stones sprinkled on each slice,
And strew'd with sugar, like white frost on yee.
Grant me but loue, Ile raine a showte of Gold
Into thy lappe, out-shining Ione, when he
Wrapt in his glory courted Danae.

Wife. Thy language does affright me. Oh my starres!

Ben. O let not teares spoile such a beauty. Tell mee; Why spill
you water like a Crockodile, to captine mee; that might have
don't with mirth, nimbler then ayre?

Wife





The Honest Lawyer Isl'T

And line by th'occupation. Heare verilab on such ric. sitw To take your luft, but pittie. Simewhat prompts my gred wlous heart, there is some good nesself dingroup and on new anird itself Ir() Ben. My truth thall gitte thy faithed topart thy inind wife. He trust you, Sir. I am a wretched womangoing a grant The widow or the wife. I know not whether ; of the diffressed or houlest om this diferder, or I here difficare a lice. dead Valter. ene Real! How? Hain to tell thee; thou are then widows The warres have ended his infortunate dayes to bir od or mo. Nay, let not griefe oppresse thy spirits, Oh, land, mor slue axe. I have kill'd the wife and husband with one blow. but express C Lift up thy fowning eyes. Enter Grine. Wife. Oh let madye. Rather short death, then lingring miferie. Ben. Revive thy hehre: Valter yealines in men. I am his sonne, that hath thy husbands lands. Wife. And can'l looke for mercy at your hands? - Ben Receive this carnell all my flase is thing. Wife. You cannot with thefe fpels charme me to finne or a first With motions of blacke luft, pronounce me Villaine. Tell me, who brought you to this Brothell - Inne & poliche who !! -Wife. He, to whom heaven (I trust) hath clear dall fin. My Vafter fold me hither of was coptent in how sor it belond on it Thus to relieue his state, when all was spentaling of bon sied , Ben. But couldst thou live infectlesse in this ayre? Wife. I haue, and will, Ben. Will? This gives frange suspicion, in the state of t Wife. I made a promise, that without consent Ofher that bought me, I would not depart.

Enter Mar-mayde.

See where th Inchantreffe comes.

20

Marm. Now minibn, you must be gadding. Cry you mercie, Land-lord: if you'l haue any sport, walke in, walke in. You shall take out your rent here, Land-lord, She shall be your own Vacation and Terme too, Land-lord.

Ben. So, you pernicious Damme of lufts foul, littour, You that buy beauty and do fell 't againe start of the start of the

Е

And -

This woman from your brothell flauerie. Or I shall bring you to the carrand lash, a constant to

Marie Ohi am raft away; the cost me fifty pounds.

I ne're got foure grotes by her yet.

to Bien Thou first lofe more by keeping her. Goe cleanfe the

house from this disorder, or I here discharge thee.

Mann, Good Land-tord, bestow her where you will. Fam. content to be rid of her, to I way hold your favour-Foxe pull your honesty. Is this the dancing mayde? One more fuch purchase will vndoe my trade:

Enter Gripe. Grip: Hofflee, Office, where four kinfwoman?

Marm. Youder Sir, Halking with my Land-lord, your Wor-

Thips fonne.

Gripe. Son Bandhin? yea faith, are you to close Exti Mar. with a wench? Come hither 1-flie & a whore. Take heed on her .-If the want memes bring her Honie i the that keeping house. .. Faith, I grow old, and cannot now long live: Oh fuch a Welich would be reftorative. Perswade her Beit.

Ben. He'do thy ben, Sir. See, The pleased fates consent to succour thee; My fathers house shall shelter thee vnknowne. Please the old man with words, but hold your o'wie. If my plot takes, as I can hope no leffe, This luft of his shall thy good for tunes blesse.

Act. Tertius.

Enter Robert Vafter, and Anne.

Ome; lifter to thy lottowes, and niv felfe. They fay, forliefy in woes doth lighten Out preflures i Bur I finde the contrary. My woes are heatier by thy companie My griefe for thy diffreste, doubles mine owne. I should be farre lesse wretched, if alone.





I DE ELEK FORES

Am. Sweet beother, fince we must both suffer, thinke it some comfort, that we share an equal fortune.

Griefe has lesse power to worke on our sad hearts,

Where mutuall loues contend to beare their parts.

Rok. Little once thought thy mother, that thy fate Should floope to feruice to relieue thy state: We are not try'd, but in our miserie. He is a cunning Coach-man that can turne Well in a narrow roome. To manage plenty In a right forme, commends the state, not person. Hee's blest, that to be rich can giue consent With honestie, or rest poore with content. I wonder, Beniamin doth not visit vs. His last reliefe is done: if that spring drye, We faint for succour, and must fainting dye.

Enter Bromley.

See, here comes Brondey, once our fathers Steward: Sure, hee't support vs. Sister, try his kindnesse: thy speech is more pathetical.

Brom. Theeues, Lawyers, Rogues, Harlots, and Inne-keepers, are mens purgations. Griffin has cheated mee: tooke twenty angels from me; theeues tooke 'hem from him. He promis'd to draw Sager to compound; now the day 's gone against me.
Oh I could wish my nailes turn'd Vultures tallons,

That I might teare their flesh in mammocks, raise My losses from their carcases turn'd Mummy.

Ann. Good Sir, a word -

Braw. Now Kitlin, what would you have?

Ann. Sir, remember we are the miserable children of lost Vaster; whom once you seru'd.

Brom. What's that to me?

Ann. I hope, Sir, you can spare somewat to vs distressed.

Brom. This is plaine begging. Minion, fall to worke, And earne supply to wants with diligent labour.

For Vasters sake I will not vrge the Statute.

Rob. The Statute, Iudas? ware no Beggers, though We try'd thy courtefie. Curfed be thy fate, Thou from our father gott'st thy whole estate.

E 2

Yet grudgeft vs dome fragments. Hence, out Dogge 1001 If thou flay'ft miscreant-Brom. Boy, He smoke you for't สาวขางสสอดาสีกรได้เคียโรก (วิ Rob. Do thy world, dinell. An infariate worme firike deepe into thy conscience, file thy heart thrings with subbing frets: And turne thy derogated name. On foggy blastings of eternall shame. Enter Gripe with oil states nor normal series, Ingratitude is gone; and in his roome, businesses of left in a nI Extortion and a fiend is hither come. Grip. I'm going to fee my morgage Ann. Good Sir, shew mercy on two wretched Orphans. Grip. Out beggers, mercie? What doft talke to me of mercy? I'm going to let my grounds. I have no leafure for mercy. Rob. Goe thou accurfed Cain . in miscrie. When thou begg'ft mercy, be't as farre from thee. Ann. Sir, y haue vndone our Parents; pittie vs. Grip. I cannot stay to heare you, I haue businesse. Exit. Rob. Heauen be as deafe to thee, when thy foule breath Shall begge some respire at thy violent death. .value Enter Nice: bode los bauora This fellow fure will fuccour vs. Nic. Iune, July, August, September -- the first day ---Ann. Sir, raile our prostrate fortunes with some helpe: Some little helpe, you know vs. N.c. Yes, yes, I remember I haue scene you. Let's see----The fourteenth day 42 bad. I must do no deed of charitie to day; I haue president for it. 't is lost. Rob. Now I remember, when I went to schoole, I read of one Pespasian a good Emperour, That told his Courtiers if a day out-flipt him, Wherein he did not good, that day was loft. The next he would redeem't with double coft. Ill colour'd finne, how shamefull dost thou looke, In them that plead thy warrant from their booke! Nic. Fourteenth day, A good turne forgotten. Oh heres lear-Though ning from the starres.





Though I do little good ere I am rotten,
Like citizens, I would not ha't forgotten.
Yet let me study on't: though a man may not give, he
May buy, I hope without danger. Faire sister,
What shall I give you for your maiden head?
Rob. Thus much: a broken head.

Ni. Oh--Oh--Forgiue me, good Calender--I perceiue now, thy counfel's true. It's an euil day indeed: I should neither haue bought nor sold on't.

Rob. Hence, skie-consulting Gypsie men commit Sinnes darke as night, and blame the starres for it.

Another passenger—On this is Sager.
His wise was once a seruant to our mother.
Alas, when these built from our ruinous woe
Releeue vs not, what should this poore man doe.

Sag. I long to heare from Londons how my suite
Ends, or depends: if lost, I'm lost with it.
Who would trust any barres this tottring world
Can plot to fortisie our wheeling states!
When the strong dores of Justice may be broke,
Or listed from the hinges by the force
Of politike engines: or the safest locke
Bepickt with a false key.

An. Sir, dwels there any mercie in your heart?

Sag. Yes: or of mercy, I must hope no part.

I know yon, and your wants. My wife was once your Parents feruant.

And in her service now I would be plac't.

Sag. That were too lauish yeelding to your woe. I am but poore, troubles have made me so. Yet of that small life-blood, which my drencht state H'as lest it by the Lawes sharpe surgerie, Embrace a portion, as your needs require;

Enter Beniamin.

And I may give. Here comes your enemies Sonne.

I he Exomely Lawyer.

Ben. I have bene seeking all you three with newes. Good newes; friend Sager, the day's yours.

Sag. It's welcome. I have the better meanes to succour these.

Ben. You have prevented my request: I purpos'd

To beg that kindnesse of you. Robin, I would

Intreat you to accept my feruice, but

I meane the name of it: for in deed Ile vie thee

As my most equall and respected friend.

Nan in thine armes I throw and locke my selfe;

My fortunes be all thine: the key's thy loue;

Let this kisse be the seale. Ye sacred powers

Make indisfoluble this knot of ours.

Now, mafter Sager, giue her that respect,

You would my wife:all charges are my debt.

Robin, you know the house; conduct your fifter thither; that done, convey these letters to the widdow Sorrow: (that's her borrowed name) she lies at my fathers.

Rob. With just hands.

I'm prouder of thy love, then of thy lands.

Ann. Oh pure quintessence of thy profession: How many half thou robd, thus to make vp Thy perfect godnesse! as if wifer nature Had made an extract of ten thousand Lawyers, And thrife refin'd it with immortall fires: Then fet it like a sanctified Lampe

On th'Altar of thy foule; to give exemplar light,

Exeunt. In the dull darkenesse of this sinne-borne night. Ben. Bromley's growne mad with rage: I'm icalous of him. You know the hopes of your posteritie dwell on your present fortunes: all which burne with the short Taper of your singular life,

Say he should quench it.

Sag. How Sir? murder me?

Ben. I cannot tell, it's but my ielaousie. Tis not amisse, to keepe preuentions eye Open and wary. Instruments of death Stand ready prest to a malicious arme. And policie, like a cunning Iesuite, Watches behind the Arras for a call.





The deed once done, helpe it who can, or shall.

Sag. What ground for this suspition find your thoughts?

Ben. The sury of his madnesse, Enuies some,

That surges from the poyson'd avarice

Of his swolne heart: his brok en resolutions,

Wherein his traitor-tongue can scarce forbeare

Wherein his traitor-tongue can scarce forb
The protestation. Give me leave to feare.

Sag. What will you counfell me?

Ben. That must be study'd. Thus--Listen—We'll trie what mischeeses he can war per
With woodden wasters learne to play at sharpe.

Exit Sager.

Enter Gripe, Nice, Thirsty.

Grip. Oh my backe, my backe--- Ben. How do you, Sir?
Grip. Oh fonne, sonne, worse then euer. The Gowt was but a stitch to this. Oh the Collicke, the Collicke and stone.

Thirst. There be two of them mafter, aske the widdow elfe.

Grip. Sure it will rend my bowels out.

Ben. It's inft: The stone ith bladder now should make him smart That has so long bene sicke of stone ith heart.

Grip. Oh that I knew where my old Physician liu'd.

Enter Visiter and Courfess.

Vast. Keepe on your habite. Our walke's surn'd Pouls, I thinke.

Curf. Zlid, if our third party were here, wee would venter on
"hemall. Th'are but welsh freezes they would shrinke at the sense

of yron.

Unft. Let's muffle vp our villaines with the shadow
Of some great conference: if a cheate be offer'd,
We'll not refuse: but now to compasse it,
Must not be done by force of armes, but wit.

Grip. Sonne Benamin, you mult to Goldington, To view yong Bruffers lands: th'are offer'd me This morne in morgage. Harke you---

Nic. Thirfty, come hither. Thirft. Ha'you any drink there? Nic. No: but come drinke thy felfe drunke with Poetrie.

Thirst. Faith, Poetrie now a daies will scarce make a man drink. I had as liefe be a pot as a Poetithen I should sometimes be full of good liquour.

Nic.

Nic. Oh, your Poet is too full of that, it makes him thred bare. Sirrah, I ha'made a Sonnet here to my Mistresse, she n'ere wrought such a one on her Samplar. Lay thine eare close to my musicall tongue, I shall rauish her.

Thirst. You shall be hang'd for then.

Ni. Open thine eares, like an Oyster a funning

Enen as the bird, which we Camelion call,

doth live on aire for aye:

So my kinde heart, ener like a stocke-Done shall

feede on thy love all day.

Thirst. I, and all night too.

Nic. I, and all night too: but that night would make the verse too long. Now I talke of night, let me see what time of day it is. I

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haue businesse, must not be rim'd away.

Cmf. Pray y' Sir, how speakes your watch? One? mine lies inclining to two You have a prettie interpreter of the time there. Who made it, French or Dutch? You need not doubt me, Sir, I am the new Parson of Saint Peters in Bedford.

Nic. Sir, then as I may fay, haue ioy in your new Benefice, for belly-peece you must ha' none. Pray' lets peruse your watch, see you

mine.

Vast. Fezz'Sir, y'haue a braue wash there. Chill warrant the Kings wash-maker made it. Beseech you mezter Nice, let me see master Parson wash. Master Passon will you zell your wash, chill giue you good cash for it.

Curf. No, my honest friend, I will not sell it.

Vast. Will you runne with me for it? Grif. Runne? no.

Vast. Cheuore ye runne for't, you shall nere ha't else. Excurrit.

Curf. Oh my watch -- Nic. Oh my watch.

Curf. Stop the theefe, stop the theefe.

Nic. Stop the Priest, stop the Priest.

Thirst. Let him go, he runs for a wager.

Vaster runs away with Curfews watch: Curfew with Nices.

Ben. How now? is my coulin Nice playing at Bace?

I know one of them well, by his fad tale

Of Vasters death: for that Ile not pursue him.

Grip. Son, I did rest me, heping to go forward. But so increase my paines, I am not able. Survey you Brusters lands, and speed returne.





All's for your good, for I am now out-worne.

Ben. I goe Ilr -- All's for me; yet whileshe liues,
And his hydroppicke spirits can look e through
His bodies loope-holes, and conuey the pleasure
Of his contemplate gold, his lusts sole God,
Through those windowes to th' admiring heart:
Nothing comes from him; not the superfluities
Of basers things, not being first improved.
I am his onely issue, and on me
It hinke he meanes to settle all his state.
It's the onely way to give me curst and poore,
To build my nest on such extorted store.

To build my nest on such extorted store.

Those fathers, that distress dieners ruines vie,

"As scassolds to build vp their racked wealth,

"Proue in the end, like citie-houses, that

"On small foundations carry spacious rooses:

"When the incensed heauens in tempests frowne,

"Their owne top-heauy weight tumbles them downe.

"The first or second generation spils

"By ryot, what by wrong the father fils.

In this sle be a mirror to these times:

And by the hand of charitie returne

To euery man, what by his couetons rape

Their states are rauish dof: so worke my rest.

Thill gotten gone, that which remaines is bleft. Exit.

Grip. Oh Thirsty, honest Thirsty. Thy old master is but a dead

man. I cannot piffe man:my vrine's stop'd.

Thirst. You should drinke, hard, master: all this comes with pinehing your selfe of your liquour. This is the reason, that so few Dutchmen are troubled with the stone. Your miserable Churle dribbles like the pissing Conduit; but his iouiall sonne with a streame like Ware-water-spout. This is the cause, the Vsurer falling sicke, so seldome rises by the staffe of Physicke: for he has no water for the Physician to cast.

Enter Nice blowing.

Nic. Now the Gowt, Dropfie, Lethargie take possession of their legs. I ha'lost my wind, and my watch, and I feare, my wench too.

Thirst. You have watch'd faire: fure that Parson was some Irishman.

Nice. Some hangman vncafe him. I ha'bene at the Parsons, and he's no such manner of man.

Enter Marre-maide, constable, with Valentine.

Grip. What crew's this?

Mar. Blesse your worship : I am your Worships sonnes Tenant. I ha'brought a rogue to yourworship, to be examin'd.

Grip. What fault hath has be committed? Clarke, to your office: take his examination. Now neighbour Sleepy, are you Constable?

Thirst. A good harmelesse Constable, a theefe may take

him napping.

Marm. An't please your worship, the rude Raggamussin comes into my house, cals for drinke; and when the Tapster came with a reckoning, he broke the pot about's head; because he had not a cleane Apron on.

Val. No, beeause he misreckoned me.

Mar. Whose fault was it, to wipe out the score?

Val. Not mine. Indeede I anointed the score with butter, and the Tapsters owne dog lick't it out.

Nic. Vncle, vncle, as sure as my watch is lost, this is master

Valentine the Physician.

Grp. Oh Coz, that it were true. Pray Sir, let me moone a question.

Val. You may command my answer Sir, y'are a Iustice. Grip. Were not you the man, that heald me o'the Gowt?

Val. Troth Sir, I have done so many cures, that I sorget a number of my patients. Th' other day I cured a lunaticke Cobler.





Cobler, pitifully run out at foule, when hee was given ore by the Phylicians. I let him bloud, tooke three Hen-egges, suck d'hem out, into the shels I put his bloud, set them vnder a brood-Goose. When she had hatcht the rest, I gave these three putrified egges to a Dogge: the Dogge grew madde, the Cobler sober. And now my memorie runs backe, I call to mind one of Bedford, sicke of the Gowt, whom I cured.

Grip. I am the man, my renowne d Paracellian: thou shalt have the other 25. pound. Constable, I discharge you. Office, I'le see you payd: set your recknoning on my score: trouble nie no surther: leave vs. leave vs. Now my deepe (Exeunt.) diver into the secrets of nature, I have a cure for thee, more desperate then the sormer.

Val. What is't Sir, that my Art cannot extend to?

Grip. The stone, the stone: I am pittifully grip'd with the

Rone. I ha lost my pissing.

Val. Sir, the disease is somewhat dangerous. Yet if that your expulsive facultie Retaine true force, I'le warrant to make you pisse. Imust awhile withdraw to study Sir. -Now am I puzzled: bloud, what medicine Should I deuise to do't? It must be violent. Giue him some Aqua-fortis; that would speed him. Let's fee. Me thinks --- a little Gun-powder Should have some strange relation to this fir. I haue seene Gun-powder oft driue out stones From Forts and Castle-walls, huger then he Has any in his reynes or bladder, fure. Faith, cause I am a souldier, i'le make triall Of that same blacke and vaporous Minerall. I'le shoote into his belly : if the gunne hold, Ile giue him charge enough : some Aquavita First brewd together would allay it well. Ile sweare to try it, if I doe not misse, By a strange tricke He make my Vsurer pisse. Sir, Ile goe in and prepare for you.

Grip. Doe so. Here, Thirsty, there be the Keys of the Buttry:
F 2 attend

attend vpon him good Thirsty: let him lacke nothing, as thou lou ft me.

Thirst. I loue you Master, but here's a good key I loue better. Sweete instrument of my ioy, let me kisse thee. A-las, that thou and I should be such strangers. Wee ha' but one barrell: now if that should bee in my masters disease, troubled with the strangullion, and could not runne———well, if it bee not emptie, I le giu't a scowring.

Exit.

Grip. Now if this rare wonder of leaches can cure mee of this griping, that I may have some fortie or threescore yeares more to gather in, by that time I shall gather enough to keepe mee all therest of my life. When a man growes up to sixe or seven score, it is high time to thinke of mortalitie, and to take some ease. These three or sour nights I ha'bene haunted with Fairies: they dauce about my bed-side, poppe in a peece of gold betweene the sheetes, scatter here and there fragments of silver, in every corner. I keepe my chamber swept, cleane linnen, fire to warme them every night. I was at first asraide; they had beene spirits; now I see, they are good harmelesse Fairies. If I can please them, I shall grow rich, rich.

Sonne I have stayd for you.

Enter Beniamin.

. Ben. You have done your health the more wrong, Sir.

Grip. How dost like my morgage?

Ben. It's a faireliuing, Sir, but I would not have you meddle with it.

Grip. Why, my wife fonne?

Ben. Oh Sir, good deeds are scant,

When we advantage take of poore mens want.

Bruster's an honest man; lend him some money without such sharpe securitie.

Grip. Not a doyt. If he come to me, and conucy the morgage

I haue it ready; els I haue no money. Sonne come and sup with me.

Ben.





Ben. I follow, Sir. Preposterous transuersion of our selves!
Th' erection of our faces should instruct
Our groueling thoughts t'ascend. How do men thwart
The teaching hand of Nature, and our birth!
Our heads cut aire, and yet our hearts plow earth:
Ilooke for Sager here. He's come.

Enter Sager.

Sag. Heer's my owne case and counterfeit; by this dangerlesse plummet, we may sound the depth of his more close and intricate stratagems.

Ben. So wifer mafters lay some easie baites, At once to tempt and trie their servants truth. The subject for quack-salving Empirickes To exercise their inexperience on, Should not be men, but malkins.

Sag. Do you thinke, that he would doe me violence afleepe? would he not wake me to fome conference?

Ben. No, hee's a most ranke Coward, and I know, Dares not come neere thee, though thou wert asseepe. If he does ought, he'l do't by that long Engine. Conceale your selfe awhile. How fares my name? How does she brooke my slow-pac'd comming to her?

Sag. Faith, in your constancie lightens all griese.
She neuer heares you mention d, but she startles:
As if your name like some celestiall fire
Quicken'd her slow-pac'd spirits with new life.
I neuer knew versue and beauty meete
In a more happy mixture. I remoue.

Ben. I loue her freely: shee's to me as th'ayres Her beauty is best and blest, whose soule is faire. The Wolfe is come.

Enter

Enter Bromley with a fowling piece.

Brom. Good evening to you Sir.

Ben. My wish requite you.
You walke to have a shoot, Sir: I depart.
I would be loth to prejudice your sport.

Brom. Saw you not Mr Sager, Sir, of late?
This is his walke: I would faine speake with him.

Ben. Why would you speake with him?

Brom. Sir, for no harme.

Ben. I do not thinke you meane it; but you know, hee's valiant like a Lyon: if crosse words should stirre your blouds to quarrell -- Sir, take heed. Hee's be too hard for you, and your long weapon. This medow is his euening walke. Farewell to you Sir.

Exit Ben.

Brom. Good night M. Beniamin; you need not doubt me. If I could meet him at th'aduantage now, He is the Fowle I'd shoot at. His life done, The Farme is mine. Oh ye, whose hopes depend, Like lingring shadowes, on anothers end, What need you waite with patience natures leasure, When fuch an engine can foone work your pleafure? Tarry: yonder's a man -- now by his habite It should be Sager. What? and fast asleepe? Wish'd opportunity to my reuenge. Ile kill him ere he wakes. Stay, grant he should In this vnbeaten medow lately act Some horrid finne, please his adulterous lust: I should then with his body strike his soule, And finke them both together. Reason no further Thou chiding conscience. See, the Fates have plac't Him fit for vengeance : enemie, fleepe thy laft. Hee's Planet-strucke, falne downe: now to my Farme. He that would rife, must thanke his wit or arme. Exit. Oh but my murder! pish, who euer stood In fortunes height, without some touch of blood? Enter





Enter Beniamin and Sager at sewerall wayes.

Ben. This I diuin'd. Sag. Happy preuention!
Ben. Goe, thou despairing wretch, and for thy will,
Ten thousan swords shall thy vex'd conscience kill.
'T was a vame blow to vs, and no bloud spilt,
Not lesse in thy intention is thy guilt.
This Clergy-habite which you have assumed,
Make good awhile for your supposed death;
Allow his tyrannie free scope: liue close:
Till time shall ripen those events, we strive
To build on this vile ground. Hold, ther's my key:
Into my chamber; I sup at my fathers.

Exit Sager.
What, come againe?

Brom. I cannot be at rest: I must needes see, If this late murdered corps removed be. Some gold I have put up in this Portmantua: If I should be pursu'd, this may relieue me. Ay me! the bodi's gone: sure it's reveal'd:

Murder from heavens eye cannot be conceal'd. What shall I doe? fit downe: lye there,my gold.

Enter Nice, and Thirfty, on either fide, crying So ho.

Nic. Holla, Cousin Beniamin. So ho ho. Thir. Oh ho ho. Brom. Oh me, the Countrie's vp, what shall I do? (exemptit. Ben. This foole hath frayd him.

Oh guilt! how hast thou made
Cowherd of man to fly at his own

Cowherd of man to fly at his owne fhade! Now Coufin Nice, what holla you for?

Nic. You had need of a bell to ring you in. Your father has flayd supper for you this houre.

Ben. Come then, let's walke on - what's here a Port-

Nic. Oh, oh, do not touch it: it's venome.

Ben. Why my wife Coufin? why are you so timorous?

Nice

Ben. Are you gone? Well, I fee now, hee that will be wife by Calender, shall be a foole by destinie.

Sure, this is Bromleys budget, and has gold
Put vp for his escape: 't is so by th'weight.

It falls into my hands most luckily:
For I haue need of cash in these occasions.
Yet Ile repay't againe: my honestie
Shall be his friend, whose seare was friend to me.
Oh, in this glasse my represented soule
Stands manifest to my impartial eye.
Ye heavens rayne showers of mercy on my sins:
Lest where my pleasure ends my wo begins.

A&. Quart.

Enter Vasters Wife.

Wife. D Vnne faster, ye dull legges of motion. That time may follow with a swifter pase. Let wanton Epicures wish you creeple-limbes. Insatiate with the ryot of their ioyes; And chide the hafty forwardnesse of day, That will not dance attendance on their play. My spirits wrought vpon with tedious woes, Thinke that each houre lingring and lazy goes. Impartiall fates, how you delude our thoughts! Guiding events to their determin'd ends, Whether our strength with or against contends. Whether the paffenger wake, or sleepe his fill, The wave and wind-mov'd vessell goes on still. Patience then heart! they do not valour know, That weary faint, but who can fuffer woe. Enter Rob. Vaster with the Letter. Who's this? Rob. By your leave, Mistris Sorrow.





Wife. Right, th'hast hit my name.

Yet cleare of finne, my forrow has no shame.

Rob. I haue letters from Mr. Ben. Gripe.

Wife. They're welcome. (poore boy how am I vn done! Tis hard, a mother must not owne her sonne.

Rob. Sure I should know that face and language too.

A chill disquiet troubles my soft peace,

And runs like a cold feuer through my bloud. I'm very ficke of somewhat. Oh' tis then Errour, the ficknesse in all minds of men.

But that I know her absence gives her dead.
I' would sweare it was my mother. Tas vaine thoughts.

How you would flatter me!

Wife. --- Your prouident friend, Beniamin Gripe.

Leaue out that Gripe: it's an unproper name; Cannot denominate thee for such a creature.

A name can neuer constitute a nature.

If bleffed mankinde haue a *Phenix* left;

And vice of that good hath not time bereft;

ir this degenerate worlds apostacie;
The plurall number's lost: that one is hee,----Sonne

Rob. Zlid she calls me Sonne.

Wife. That word's oreflipt.

How eafily loue is in her language trip't.

Sonne--- of compelling nature not forbeares: Passion must vent it selfe in speech or teares.

Dost thou not know me?

Rob. Yes : this testifie.

I begge your blessing on my humbled knee.

Wife. Rife with heaven's benediction.

Rob. Lives my Father?

Wife. Gueffe by my greefe and filence.

Rob. Vin'imy doubts

Wrappe me in further maze. My father dead? My mother living in his enemies house? Let's study. Oft I have heard my father mone, That this same womans lust had him yndoue.

This

This gives frong faith. Why should shee els live here, But to some such vile end? By heaven tis cleare. Oh that this sappe, which my life seedes vpon, Did not confesse a derivation From that corrupted trunke! Well, I will see Nature name backe with a preposterous course! Ile fashion a forgetfull lunacie, That ere I was her soone. But on my soule, Not touch her with least hurt.--Woman come hither.

11/16. Woman! Deare Robin, not thy mother? blesse mee. Why dost thou gripe meethus? Oh some blacke storme Is rising on thy brow.

Rob. Storme? No, tis thunder. Can you read this? wife. Yes, I can spell too well. It speakes my death,

deare sonne-

Rob. Come, come, forget
These filiall rights, and Natures attributes.

Rob. I'm deafer then an Viurer to your mones.
I must, like Nero, see the place I bred in.
Be briefe in answere: did you neuer wrong
my fathers nuptiall bed.

Wife. Neuer.

Rob. Take heede.

Clogge not that brest with more sin, that must bleed, . Speake truth and saueyour soule.





Lye you not here to satiate his sust, That tobb'd my sather? speake, or y'are but dust.

Wife. No on my foule.

Rob. Now on thy foule thou lyeft.

Confesse, be plaine, or without pawse thou dyest.

Wife. Helpe, heavens or men. Within, breake open dore. Enter Benia. Valentine Grape, Nice, Thirty.

Ben. What prodigie's this?

VVife. Nothing Sir, alas nothing: twas but my feare.

Ben. It is my servant Sir; he meant noill.

Grip. Sonne, sonne, howsoeuer he serues you, I'm sure he does not serue God. Without question, he would have rauish'd her.

Thir. He would have refresh'd her, Sir-

Grip. Speake widow, is 't not true? -- away with him.

Cousin Nice, make his mittimus,

Wife. It's not amisse to let him feele some smart.

His life they cannot touch: what his offence Deserues in heauens, strict iustice, mercy pardon.

Parents learne this in tendring Childrens state:

Too much indulgence is not love but hate.

Nic. Sure his complexion doth not give it: let me see your hand, Sir.

Rob. Will you feele it, Sir? frikes him. Excunt.

Ben. (Sonne offer violence to the mother?) (trange! Till I can found this mysterie of ill.

Ille to the prison and relieve him fill

Ile to the prison and relieue him still. Exit.

Gripe. You will be gone Mr. Valentine: but I hope you will vifit me shortly againe.

Val. Before you looke for me, Sir, -- if all fall right, I vowe to visite you againe this night. Exit,

Grip. Ha widow! I am cleere of the stone now.

Wife. The lesse able to do a widow pleasure, Sir. Grip. Tut, wench, I meane the disease, the disease.

Wife. (No Sir : you haue a worse disease behind:)

The body hath no ficknesse like the mind.

Gripe, Try me, fweet. I'm like a leeke, though I haue

G 2

a gray head, I have a greene--wut? wut be my medicine for the stone? when? when?

Wife. When you have married me I will be your wife.

Gripe. Pish: first make triall how thou likest me: there is no wit, to marry before experience.

Wife. Your house Sir, is too publike.

Grip. Hold, ther's the key of my closset. Be thine owne pandar for conuayance. I must receive a little money: profit is about pleasure: about ten

Wif. Good lucke direct my hands vnto the morgage.
That found, if or my witte or strength hold tacke,
I haue a medicine Sir, to coole your backe.

Exit.

Grip. 'Las poore wench: now shee's got into my Closses, she hugges her hopes, as a Polititian his avery plotte, and cryes a prize, a prize. She shall be double cony-catch'd. Wel, it growes Fairy-time. Oh the fine dapper laddes, how they friske about my chamber: when at every step here droppes a grote, there a teston. Many drops make a floud. Sure, I'm some wonderfull honest man, that they love me thus. I must to bed. Tarry, how then shall I keepe touch with the widow. I hat, lle sit downe in my chaire, and faine my selfe in a slumber. Oh twill be a golden waking dreame.

Enter Vaster, Valentine, Cursew, like Fairies, dancing antickes: pinching Gripe, as they passe by him.

Oh-oh-th'are angry. Would I were rid of 'hem. Oh--sweet spirit --oh-- doe not terrifie mee thus. What haue I done to prouoke you?

Vaft. Confesse thy sinnes. Th' hast some wench in a cor-

Grip. I haue, I haue-oh-but Ile not meddle with her.

Vast. Whiles thy house was cleanly swept,
And thy conscience chastly kept:
Neat linnen, fire and water ready;
And thy purpose good and steady:

Whiles





Whiles thou neuer fentfithe poore
Vnrewarded from thy doore.
Whiles thou wakendft with the chimes,
Because thou wentst to bed betimes,
We brought thee wealth; but twas in vaines
For now we'll fetch it barke againe.
Come deliuer the keys of your trunkes.

Grip. Oh theeues, you ll robbe me, you'll vindoe me.

Curf. No, Gowtie blifter, well bind thee, vindoe thee, who

Val Open thy lawes thou yawning sepulcher:
Here is a morfel for an Viurer.

Gagge him,

Vast. A peece of Cheese of the Low-country Dairies.

This is the vitual diet of the Fairies.

Carf. Now we will rip the fining of thy trunkes.

Butter the Bairies haue it then thy punkes,

Val. Lucke more, then we can carry, hath affign'd vs.

Curf. Each horse his lode: we'l leave the rest behind vs.

Thou greedy Panther. Val. Sauage Wolse. Vast. Man-eater.

Thou fetting Canker. Val. Comons horsleech. Cur. Cheater Vast. Whose belly has instrance to sue an action

Oftrespasse, gainst thy couetous lusts exaction:
For detinie of many hundred meales,
Which it from others, and thy selfe too, steales.
The Gowt. Val. The Dropsie. Curf. Collicke, Lunacie,
Like Sprites and Fairies haunt thy company.
And as thou gap'st now, let some Batte or Owle
Spet backewards' thy mouth.

Vast. No more. If thou do not

Repent, restore, turne good, six till thou rot.

Val. What does Vsurie sticke in thy teeth? spet out, Dog,

spet out. Now thou gap'st for a motgage. Dost?

Valt. Fare-ill. To those that aske how came this suill, Giue answer thus: The Fairies robd the Diuell.

Grip. Oh---Oh---Oh.

xeunt.

Enter Bromley, Nice, Vasters wife.

Bro. Ho master Gripe? what, your chamber doore ope thus earely? how now, bound? gagg'd? what rogues ha'bene here?

Nic. Speake to mee vncle, speake: the gagge's out.

Grip. Saue the gagge. I will hang the whole shire, but Ile sind 'hem. Iugglers, Fairies, incarnall sprites! My money, my heart, my guts, my soule——Let me curse my selse into the ground, and saue a Dirge. Run, cry, ride, charge the Constables with 'hem.

Brom. Where be they, Sir?

Grip: Gone to the Diuell. Runne to a Coniurer, cast me a fi-

gure.

Nic. Oh, Sir, all the Conjurers are o'their owne trade. A mischiefe on't, I thought there was some scuruy luck towards; the Crickets did so cry ith Ouen yesterday. And this verie houre, as we came in, there was an Owle whoo-whooping in the top of the chimney and just at the threshold, master Bromeley here stumbled. Signes, signes.

Grip. Plucke downe the fignes. He vndo all the Innes in the

towne: they harbour the theeues.

Brom. You faid they were Fairies.

Nic. Now in finceritie, I heard a great ratling of chaines.
Wife. (This makes mee wonder! luch a robbery, and I not

heare it?

Brom. Come bridle vp this furie. What will you say, if I can produce you the plotter, abbettor, or at least accessary to this villanie? What if the pick-locke can open the chest of all this stratagem?

Grip. 'Las, poore widdow, she was fast, I warrant you.

Brom. No she was loose I warrant you how could we have got in, if she had not open'd the dore? Your cousin Nice and I came from a hurly-burly ith Iaile, Your sonnes man has broke from his keeper. And as we were comming, we emet this woman verie supitiously stealing out.

wife. My heart misgaue me thus: this diuels tongue Would worke my misdeem'd innocence some wrong.

Grip.





Grip. No more words. Coulin, neighbor, take her to the next Iuffice.I muft not deale in my owne busmesse. Let her bee examin'd foundly, foundly: fent to the Tayle, roundly, roundly, Wife. Sir, I befeech you.

Gris. No more Do not you know, I know you for a whore!

Away with her, I will not heare her fpeake."

My gold, my filuer -- Oh my heart will breake, Exit. Brom. Come will you walke? He leade, widdow, come you

next. Mafter Nice; you'll follow.

Nic. As clole as beggery followes drunkennesse. Let me fee your hand, widdow -- Oh the case is cleare. A yellow spot doth on your hand appeare. Gather vp your heeles, widdow: Inflice Surly dwels hard by.

Enter Robert Vafter.

Rab. How now? my mother guarded?with two rogues? Sword thou didft faine to kill her-but-Sirrah-you-deliver me this woman, or Ilemake thy yellow starch'd face ferue me for a cut-worke band.

Brom. Oh Sir, y'are well met; you broke from the layle last

night. Apprehend him master Nice.

Nic. I'am somewhat dainty and shy on him, Sir. He lookes vile sharpe on't .-

Brom. Let him looke as sharpe, as an Apparitors nailes. we'll blunt him I warrant ye. Sirrah, I charge you fland.

Rob. Sirrah, you fee I stand charg'd already. Will you have me ruh?

Brom. Oh helpe, helpe--

Exit.

Nic. Hold, hold, I ha'not made my will.

Rob. No matter for thy prayers; difpatch it quickely then. Nic. You'l give me leave, Sir, to make my will. Rob. Yes.

Nic. Then my will is -- to runne away. Exit.

Wif. Thankes, sonne; but now do you not, like the Lion, Saue the distressed Lambe from the Wolfes pawes, For facrifice to his owne bloudie iawes?

Rob: Deare mother, pardon; be secure---

Enter

Enver Bromley, Nice, Beniamin, Sager difguised, Anne Vafter,

Brom. This way, this way: here—Oh haue we found you?

Ben. How do these mischieses flutter in thicke heapes!

And cloud my understanding from the light,

I look d the Sunne should shine, find it darke night

I cannot stand t'examine circumstances.

Now master Bromley, whither are you bound?

Brom. Your father gaue vs charge to have the widdow To master Justice Swiffs; he suspects her To have some hand ith robberie to night.'
Sir it concernes you he has lost 300, yound.

Ben. Vnih. My father robd? the widdow charg'd with it? Her fonne vniayld himselfe? these are harsh turnes. Well, go you two before, prepare the Instice. You have my word for their appearance. Go. Exeunt. Br. Nic. VViddow, and Robin, now here's none but friends: You'l give me leave to wonder at these ends. Of that anone.

Meane time I here present you with a gift,
Dearer to me, then is the Sunne to earth.
So; narrow vp your passions for a space:
Hyou the morgage-deeds? give them my hands.
Yet the successe on my invention stands.

Mother, and brother, (so I hope your titles)!

My selse, and friend here, whom you do not know,

VVIII baile you both. That done, I have an Inne,

New voyd of Tennant; there dwell all together.

My friendship to the power shall pledge your faith.

Measure good deeds by what man would, not hath. Exeunt

Enter Griffin.

Griff, VVhat Damn'd fortune's this, that I cannot finell out their threues? I would fweare them to the Gallous, as well as they fwore me out of my money. An oath like a strong charme, should conjure their neckes into the circle of a rope.

Enter





Enter Bromley, Beniamin.

Oh, here comes my fellow-Patient; wee both tooke Phylicke together; purg'd, purg'd: but I have a cordiall for him. Saue you, brother Gripe. Mr. Bromley, newes, good newes. It's reported, that Sager's dead.

Brom. Dead? Ile go take possession presently.

Ben. Do not with too strict rigour exercise your power on

his distressed family.

Brom. My time is come, I will not lofe an houre.
Grif. It's just, that every man should take his owne.
Ben. Sir, you speake law, not charitie. He that will
Be nothing more then just, is vnjust still.
Wo to that quited soule, to whom from heaven
All justice, and no mercie shall be given.
Your mercy to the widdow, to the Orphans.

Brow. As much as a Puritan has vpon a good feast.

Ben. Well—let me tell you this --Sager is dead.

So flies report, borne on prefumptions wings.

But how he dy'd, that aerie bird not fings.

Kild—but by whom—waight deeply—I must hence.

The muttring's strong—looke to your conscience.

The muttring's strong—looke to your conscience. Seedit Grif. How's this kild?—muttering? and conscience? Looke, his ghastly melancholy points him out for the murderer. As sure, as a hatte-brinkes puld downe declares a cuckold, this darkenesse discours him.

Brom. I am a villaine.

Grif. Tell him, that knov. sit not.

Brom. My narrow heart cannot be capable Of this huge bulke of forrow. It must out. Now, to whose bosome better then my friends? This hand kild Sager. Grif. How?

Brom. Nay, do your worst.

Twas but chance medley, accidentall flaughter. Intending with my Pecce to strike a fowle, Against my will the cocke went downe, and he

Н

The Honest Langer.

Stood in deaths way. It was his definie.
But Griffin, harke you--let not your tongue stirre.
Do not I know you for a forgerer?
And more--you wot--let not your tongue be loose.

Ben. Thus are two Foxes catch'd in one poore noose.

Exit Ben.

Griff. Our guilt shall bind our secrecie, who lives An vnsuspected villaine, winks at others Vnlawfull deeds, to teach their eye-lids how To winke at his---Shall we go to our new Hostice?

Brom. Where? who?

Griff. For your where, at the Maiden-head, a good likely place. For your who: the widdow that old Gripe (Enter Wife fulpects for the robbery; but young Gripe hath tenanted to his Inne. Masse, she prevents vs. Widdow, we were comming.

Wife. Pray Gentlemen walke in you shall have attendance.
Brom. Your company, sweete widdow.

Wife. Ile not be long from you, Sir.
Oh, some retiring from this house of sinne.
Fate! I was neuer bred to keepe an Inne.

Excunt.

Enter Curfer Valentine as themselves, Vaster disquis'd.

More customers? that which all Innes would see; Great store of guests: this is a plague to me.

Vast. Yonder's mine Hostice. No w the water's vp, that we cannot get ouer to the Abbey, it is our securest course to commit the money to her custodie. If any search should be made, and these tokens sound about vs, we are all dead men: there's not so much mercie in Gripe, as in the Plague.

Curf. Agreed. Widdow, we have fome money to pay to a Londoner in Bedford here; and he's not yet come to receive

it. Will you looke it vp fafe for vs?

Val. But heare you? Deliuer it not to any one of vs. Exceptall three demand it together, keepe it still.

Vaft. Helpe her to beare it in, and see't layd vp. Exeunt Zlid, my wife takes degrees, she rises fairely.

Ţ,





I fold her hither whore some trickes to do. Now she's turn'd whore, and Bawd, and Hostice too. Stand close deare wits, and shadow me disguise. She cast me downe, and by her fall Ile rife. Husbands that love your honour as your life: Learne now to be reueng'd on a falle wife. Enter wife.

wif. Your friends expect you Sir.

Vast. Sweet, I would go.

But here's a charming beauty, that fayes no. Will you walke off a little--to the meddow? I have a tiny businesse with you, widdow?

Wife. What is your will, Sir? I'm in hafter be short. Vaft. The thing thou world on, halfe a minutes sport. Wif. Forbeare, libidinous Groome.

Valt. Groome? I'm a man.

And can do, Hostice, what another can. Come, shall I speake in gold, and action?

Wif. Be damn'd, inchanter, with thy golden fpelss. Thou thinkst, gold can buy lust, when nothing els. Yet I do loue thy foule. Think, ethinke, how deare, A moments joy is bought with endlesse feare. How ill the flesh steales his vniust delight, When the foule fuffers an eternall night. Flatter thy glowing hopes with heate no more. Be not deceiu'd; thy Hostice is no whore.

Vaft. So: spoke my out-side braue; did my rich huske Allow me impudent; and my vndown'd chinne Promise my bloud vnsuck'd out by this sinne.

You would runne madde on me.

Wif. Sooth thou much errest. I neuer faw that person (except one,

Who iuftly claim'd my loue, now dead and gone)

In whose embracements I would sooner locke the treasures of Vast. Now, now, she's comming. my heart.

Wif. If you had mou'd my eares with a chaft fuite, I should Vast. Braue! she's mine already. haue listn'd.

Wif. I cannot love theenow. Vast. No? Wif. No, I cannot

con-

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conceiue a good thought of thee. Vast. No? Wist. I hate thee. Vast. Heigh? handy, dandy, sast and loose, braue diuell. Ile coniure you for this. Come, will you loue me? Or no matter for your loue, will you lie with me? Doe, or lie alone i'th meddow here. I shall leave your tempting eyes for the Crowes to picke out.

. Wif, Defend me goodnesse.

Vast. Whistle not so lowd, lest I cut your pipe. Come on. Wif. Honour or life, how shall I saue you both? Sir, I shall spoyle you. I ha'bene long a sinner. A common sinner, Sir, and am not sound.

You cannot scape infection, if you touch me.

Vast. Humh! the poxe, say you? well, you! not reueale me. Exit Wife. You need not, Sir, distrust my filence. Wrongs That scape heavens hand, need not seare mortall tongs. This world's turn'd Bedlam, raving, desperate-badde.

It stagger'd drunke before, now it runs mad.

More customers? Enter old Gripe and Beniamin.
Ben. But, Sir, respect your life, your conscience.

Grip. Thou failt well, for my life. But for my confcience, Tis like a Surgions, that takes money for letting out blood.

Thinke o'my morgage.

Ben. Vpon my life, be'll kill her. O presumption,
How dost thou dare heavens Iustice? I must study
To interpose prevention. Sir, I'm your sonne:
This brest you gave me, and lie still conserve it,
A faithfull closet to locke vp your secrets.
How will you strike? Pistoll her? Grip. No: that speakes
Like an obstreperous Advocate, too loud,
In th'cares of iustice. Murder, like your lesuite,
Should whisper death in silence--sleeping silence.

Ben. I apprehend it, poyfon. Sir, lle buy you
A fpeedy potion. Grip. Not too deare, good fonne.
I would not ha't too deare:my mony's gone.
Two peny-woorth of Rats-bane, whaue experience,
W'll do't; do't throughly: Ben. Ile prouide it, Sir.
Ile be your Apothecarie; but by no meanes

Mini-





Ministerit my selfe. You must do that, Sir: I cannot doe you better feruice. Rare! Then bring my father to the Galhouse. Be petulant, and let your wanton mirth. Giue you forgetfull of all wrong,

Gripe. Come widow, I forgive thee now: I hope thou't forgiue me too. I'm come to drinke downe all malice.

Wife. Pray' Sir, lead the way. He follow. Exit Grip.

Looke vp, deare friend : what thus deiects you?

Ben. Wonders, miracles -- I must needs poyson thee. Be not difinay'd, my poyfon shall not hurt thee: lle tell thee all. Enter Vaster in haste.

Vast. Hostice, Pray helpe me to the money quickly, I must.

Exeilet.

fince

pay't instantly. Wife. You shall Sir.

Vast. So, if my new-borne plots hold constant life, Ile cheate my theeues, but about all, my wife. Emer Wife & Thanke you, good Widow. Youth, tel the Rob. with money. Gentlemen I'm gone to tender the money. Bid hem be merry and continue their healths. He take my round, when I come againe, Farewell Office.

Wife. Y'are welcome Sir. Enter Curfew, Valentine, Robin. Val. Gone, fayft thou? and with the mony? fire and gunpowder! how are we blowne vp? Curf. Prettie handsome! Val. Office --- Rob. Good leach, stand further off: your

breath's too violent:

Curf. Did we not charge you not to deliuer the money, but to vs all three together?

Rob. Masse, tis true. How forgetfully are we cheated ? Val. You are a coozening woman. Rob. You doe!ye!

Curf. Keepe the peace. Office, you'l make it good to vs, three hundred pound, a pretty competent summe.

Val. Furies and Fiends! wirs, you do fairly Rriuc.

Cuff. I thought this faiery mony would nere thrive. Exent Ben. I have heard all this roguerie. Enter Ben. Cheare, Widow ! let not forrow make thee ficke. Perhaps, He catch the knaues at their owne tricke. Ent. Thir.

Thir. So ho-my master's turn'd Reueller. I neuer lost my name

fince I came into his staruice, till now. Vck! a miracle, I am not Thirsty.

Enter Nice.

Ben. Now my wife kindred, why looke you so pale?

Nic. O, lle put off my wedding. I will not for all Bedford marry to morrow. Ben. No? why?

Nic. O, my Vncle reaching for a Cup, ouerthrew the falt

towards me - towards me. O tis ominous.

Ben. The falling of a falt keep thee from mariage! well, I have a strange medicine, of quick cure to this conceited sicknesse. Robin, setch me some wine. Coz, how dost seele thy selfe?

Thir. Hee shakes as if he had the gurning agew.

Nic. Perplexed Coufin, perplexed. I had rather a good

Lordship had faine toward me.

Ben. Tut man, falt seasons all things; fish or fiesh.
And troth, thou need it it; for thy witte's but fresh.
Here bloud, I drinke to thee.

Thir. Now could I dance like a Dutch Free: my heeles are

as light as my head.

Nic. Oh I recant. Coufin, I will marry.

Ben. What meant you Sir, to spill the wine vpon him?

Rob. 'Twas a mischance Sir. Nice. No : it was good hap.
Tis a good signe, t'haue wine spilt in ones lappe:

This makes amends for the falt, Sir.

Ben, I thought this docke would fetch your nettle out.
I fee, small wind turnes a fooles mill about, Let's goe, Exeut.
Wife. Youder comes my Physician and his potion.

Enter Gripe.

Grip. I have here two papers: one of sugar, and that's formy selfe: another of poyson, and that's formy Oslice. Let me be right-right. I should make faire worke, if I were mistaken now. Ha widow! th' art a Churle-a very churle, that wouldst not keepe companie with thy guests. I ha' brought thee a cup of wine here: health and bloud to thee, sweete Widow.





Rob. A miracle: An Vfurer drunke at's owne cost.

Gripe. There's a whole cup for thee: pledge mee chucke. Nay tarry, tarry: thou must have sugar to't; women loue sweet things, I know. So, off with't bottome and all: the deeper the sweeter. Ha Ostice, my sonne shall give thee a lease of thine Inne.

Wife. I would hee could grant me a lease of my life: for I grow fick fir. Robin, looke in.

Exit Rob.

Gripe. (Excellent rattef-bane) it workes already. Widow, dost remember fince thou wast in my studie? and yfaith what founds there?

Wife. Nothing, but what Heft behinde me, Sir. I'm ve-

ry ficke.

Gripe. (He nere trust poylon els.) This cottons wel yer. No sooner dead, but my sonne shall ceaze on all the goods. Search the coffers for my morgage. If it be lost, yet now shee's keepe counsell.

Wife. This wine hath made me thirsty. I'm not well.

Gripe. Hye thee to bedde and sweat. A little posser with two-penny worth of horse-spice. O tis excellent to put one into a sweat. Farewell widow.

Wife. So I'm recourd now: thy absence cures me.
O earth! thou center of the world and sinne:

Tsty Paradise is lost: th'art only now A larger stable, where all vices dwell.

Did not the Sur ne shine, I should thinke thee hell.

Enter Vafter.

Lucky! here comes the cheater. Sir, the money is aske for by the Gentlemen, your friends: They threaten to arrest me, but I hope sir, you'l be my quittance.

Vast. Yes: on this condition.

Let me enjoy thy loue on this foft ground: Ile pay it backe, were it three hundred pound. Stirre not: this chargeth you: are you not content? Come, with a filent kiffe feale your confent.

Wife. Sir, you know my disease. I'm dangerous: Vast: The poxe? O I have knowne London too long to bee

afraid

afraid of the poxe. Come, will you vnlocke? I ha'the golden key. If not, Ile to Virginia, like some cheating Bankrout, and leave my Creditour ith'suddes. You know the Iayle. Ha you never bin hir'd to yawle for the whole prison? and whule to the passengers?

W.fe. Sorcerer, thy circle cannot hold me.

Unft. No, I would have yours holde mee. Come, will you fadge?

wife. Not, if thou killit me: not if thy murderous hand Could put me to a death, (like Iesuites poison)

Ten yeeres a dying. Vast. No? you will repent.

Wife. So wilt thou neuer: take my carcase, slaue:
Whiles there's a soule within; no lustfull hand
Did or shall euer touch it. Vast. Politick whore!
What, do you ken me now? Wife. My husband? ô, slifeoners
Into your armes I flie. Vast. Infection, no.
Y are dangerous by your owne consession.

Wife. Alas! I forg'd that answere, to auoid Sinfull embracings. Brothels sicke indeed Of that contagion, sooth and smother't vp, To tempt distrussfull commers on, at once To their owne profit, and the others ruine. They speake falle, to do false the safer. I To saue my conscience did my sless bely.

Vast. You cannot tempt me Siren: I am resolute. Thou art a tunning Bitch, and I am proud Of such expected meanes to my reuenge. Hanke, how she quittance thy abhorred lusts. First, thou shalt be arrested for the money, Whereos I cheated thee: so be restrain'd From thy old straggling, mew'd vp like a haggard; Till the Assise comes, then thou shalt be hang'd. It care thou shands bound ouer for suspicion for subbing Gripe. I did the villanie.

hat proud thine: so thou shalt hang for me.

1069. Dearchusband, do so. Vast. Husband me no more:

That some was cancell d when you first playd whose.

Now





Now garden-pot, you water your sad seares,
But I am no loue-soole, wonne with womans teares,
Wife. O prosecute your wil. Thus on my knees,
And with a heart more humbled, I intreat,
And I must haue it granted ere I rise;
Be pleas d to make this life a sacrifice,
To expiate your wrath. Ifreely yeeld it,
For your redemption. For your hate I dye;
That might not liue in your socompanie.
If I confesse not guilty, to saue you,
Imagine then all your suspicions true.
But when for your debts I haue payd this life,
Beleeue but then, you had a faithfull wife.

Vast. O, thou wouldst melt a rocke. My heart's too dead,
To sprout at this wet Aprill. Fare you well.

Exit.

Wife. Peace and content attend you: and let still

Mercie forgiue, and rectifie your ill.

Enter Ben.

Ben. What? not dead yet? but weeping? come, come dry Vp all thy teares: goe hye thee in, and dye.

Much villanie is now together pack't.

The Scene growes full. Your patience this last act. Exemt.

Act. Quint.

Enter old Brace, the true Abbot.

Abbot.

TO man, how tweet is breath! yet tweetest of all,
That breath, which from his native ayre doth fall.
How many weary pases have I measurd!
How many knowne and vnkhowne dangers past,
Since I commenced my tedious Pilgrimage,
The last great worke of my death-yeelding age!
Yet am I blest, that my returning bones
Shall be rake up in Englands peacefull earth.

I

Oh happy Englishmen, if your fore eyes
Did not looke squint on your felicities!
How other Countries enuy, what you loth,
And surfet on: and would make that their pride,
Which is by your contempt still vilesied!
This sicknesse fulnesse breedes in most mens blood;
None lesse, then the possessions, know what's good.
Now to my deputy: here his glories end.
But stay: he comes to meet me, Ile attend.

Enter Curfer.

Curf. Confound this damn'd foxe: he has cheated mee of the best prey, I ever shark'd for. Would I could light on him; I have a Constable here should make him stand.

Brac. What's this ? Sharking, foxing, and a pistoll?
Th'embleme of theese, cheater, murderer?
Sure, this vile Elderne was not of my planting.
I know him: Tis his brother, to whose trust I did inscoffe my place.

Enter Meffenger.

Mess. I was directed this way to the Abbot.
My lord -- the Iudge detain'd by sicknesse from to morrow's
Session, desires your lordships ayde to the supply of his owne
place. Th'assistant Iustices rest their determining sentence
on your lippes.

Curf. Ile giue my old attendance.

Mess. Your lordships leave. Exerne Mess. & Curf.

Bra. I leave your lordship too. I must about this mischiefe to prevent: He force you both your offices repent.

Exit.

Sin'll is him i i in a illeric

Enter





Enter laylour, Gripe, Bromley, Griffin.

Isy. So, so, so, so, My customers drop in roundly. Welcome, Mr. Gripe, and the rest of my good friends, welcome! I am very glad to see you here. My house was not grac'd with an Vsurer, and vnder-Sheriste, many a day before; though I ha'been petter'd with abundance of honester fellowes. Speake, shal's be merry? what will you have to dinner?

Gripe. A rope. What dost thou tell me of dinner?

Iny. No Sir, that shall be kept for your supper.

Brom. Giue me some Sacke and Aqua vita: I wil be drunk

presently.

Grif. It's cleere. I have twenty cases for't.

The concealing of murder is but man-slaughter. I must ha'
my booke.

Brom. Giue 's some Sacke, I say: mun tut, &c.

Enter Nice.

Nice. My Vncle committed ? Iustice it selfe sent to the

Tayle ?

Gripe. Cousin, sweet Cousin, runne, scudde, fly - to Sir Bare Notwithstanding: he lyes but three miles off; he's in my debt: bid him release me, and Ile release him.

Griff. Stay Sir. He's in my debt too: I ha'solicited for Sir Bare these seuen yeeres, and have nothing but bare thankes.

Brom. Nay then, take me with you. Thus——

Enter Beniamin, Robin, Thirfty; Thirfty climbing up into a tree, Rob, into a bulh,

Ben. Ha you your lesson perfect?

Thirst. Yes, yes: as a Mid-wife her errand to a Citizens wife. There's not an Owle in an Iuy-bush, nor a Parrat at a Drugsters dore, has whoo whoop, or walke Knaue, more persit.

Ben. Robin, do't cunningly. My Dad shall be Only to me beholding for his life. By that aduantage I recall his loue.

Grip. Cousin, fly euery step. Remember, like a Iury-man, you goe vpon life and death.

Brom. Happinesse grant, that no Hare crosse him ith' way: his superstitious legges will retire, though wee hang for to Come, shall we keep the rule of the place, and drinke drunke now?

Exent.

Enter Nice.

Ben. Now kindred, whither trot you so fast?

Nic. Oh Cousin, about a deede of charitie; to save your father, and two or three knaues more from hanging. I am going to Sir Bare Notwithstanding; to save them out of prison; they have sau'd him often.

Ben. Sir Bare Norwithstanding, he's a great man, Cousin, Nw. Hee had three Lordships sell to him at a clappe; the worst worth 400, a yeere.

Ben. Yet hee's bare notwithstanding.

Nic. Hee has fold his Caroch with foure Flanders mares, because he would retire himselfe and live ith Country.

Ben. Yet he's Bare Notwithstanding. But to himselfe Coufin, farewell. Exit Ben.

Nic. To him, quoth he? I will to him, were the diuell in my way.

Nic. The diuell porke you. What dismall bird crokes dis-

after to my iourney! Thir. Porke.

Nic. Nay, if the destinies have let the Rauen against mee, Ile rerurne sure — yet let me see. So my Vncle may bee hang'd, Ile on, come what will.

Thir. Porke.

My owne fad mischiefe and my Vneles knell.

Yet why am I so timorous; when charitie
Bids me go on, shall a Rauen hinder me?
Re
Ile keep aloose and passe --- oh a spirit, a spirit.

Rob. flashes

The





The Widdowes Ghost. Bromley, Lawyer, Vncle, hang. Take all your fortunes, I'le no further gang. It's an vnhallow'd place, a dismall day.

Betide what will, It'e backe againe some way.

Rob. Come downe, Rauen.

Thirst. Come out, Spirit.

Rob. Blind, credulous soole! He that shall trust at need

Such nice and tottring cockscombes, shall thus speed.

Should his sicke father send him for some drugges,

Hee would turne backe at such imagin'd bugges.

Enter Beniamin, Sager, VVife, Anne.

Ben. Come, mother, friend, and wife; take these back places, Where you may heate vnseene: that when time serues, I may produce you. Works and houres are spent Then well, when we doe good, or ill prevent.

Wif. I cannot iudge, what is this dayes successe.

All-ruling powers the doubtfull sequele blesse.

Enter Curfew with other affiftants, Vaster in a Priest habit, Valentine like a Physician, the Iaylor with Gripe, Bromley, Griffin, &c.

Carf. My Lord, whose place I personate, being sicke, Hath thus design'd mee, both to heare and censure. The criminals causes, which offend the peace. Of our dread Soueraigne, and his subjects weale. Whiles we launce Vicers, we the body heale. The charge I give in short, you of the Iury, Looke to your Oath and conscience: let not sauour Shut vp your eyes, nor malice open them. Too wide. You understand, our lawes are good. Tis pitte that they should be writ in blood. But since conniuence at unlawfull deeds. Gives but encouragement, and wee cannot strike. With sword of Iustice the deserving faults, Except you give the persons to our hands:

All

All on your vigilant information stands.

Proceede to the Inditements.

Grip. We are all cast away. Sir Bare is not come.

Enter Abbot with guide.

Ab. Pull downe that counterfeit, proud, arrogant, puffe: Could your intrusion not content it selfe
T'vsurpe my office, but you must abuse
The Kings deputed Judge?

All. Downe with him, downe with him.
Abb. Iaylor, receive him to your custodie,
Till our just censure give him punishment.
Foxe, I shall hunt you out.

Curf. Do't with a poxe.

The goofe fometimes must fit and judge the Fox.

Abb. Proceed; the day hastens.

Clark, Marian Sorrow widow, yeeld thy body, and saue thy baile.

Ben. Sir, shee is dead: her felonie is answerd Before a higher Court.

Clarke. That is the woman that Gripe is suspected to have poylon'd. Godfrey Gripe stand to the Barre. You are indi-

ted for the murther of Marian Sorrow widdow: guilty or not?

Grip. Not guilty, my Lord: let all the world testifie of my honest carriage. I have lived all my dayes in good name and fame.

Abb. Stand not vpon your credit and good deeds. Your haruest would be small, if like your seeds. It all that know thee stood about this place, And had free liberty to speake their thoughts, Round ecchoing curses would amaze thy soule, And with hells damned crue thy name enroule. But when the Widdow, Orphane call for plagues. On thy blacke life, thou hy st vnto thy bagges;





There dost applaud and hugge thy wretched selfe : As folace gainft all woes lay in thy pelfe. Thou hast no god but gold : that Deitie Thou shouldst adore, and would still succour thee. Is quite reiected. And that Idol, money, Which beares away thy confidence and heart. When thou art plagued, aggrauates thy fmart. Thou art the Deuis Executioner. His rankest plague on earth's an Vsurer. Spirits in hell whip foules: extorting flaves Torment poore bodies so before their graues. Thou art a gulfe, poore mens estates to drinke, A quagmire; none passe ore thee, but they finke. Vnlesse Strepsades-like, men could deuise To plucke the Moone by Sorcerie from the skies; Thy moneth and gaine will come, Like some at sea, (Yet dangerlesse of shipwracke more then they) Thou sumbrest in a base lethargicke swoone. Let others toyle, thy journye's done as foone.

Ben. Will not this moue him? Abb. Nature in all inferiour things hath fet A pitch or terme, when they no more shall get Increase and off-spring. Vnrepayred houses Fall to decay: old Cattell cease to breed. And sappelesse trees deny more fruite or seed. . The earth would hart-leffe and infertile be. If it should never have a Jubile. Only the Vfurers money genders still: The longer, luftier: Age this doth not kill. He lives to fee his moneys money, Euen to a hundred generations reach. He, whiles his interest money in do's troule. Cares not to lose the principall, his Soule. He like a cleanly Alchymist can foke And draw much filuer, yet waste none in smole. Thou lendst, like water powr'd on sea-cole fire; Or on a lode of Lime a showre of rayne.

It seemes to coole heate, but doth more enflame. Ben. His conscience has deafe eares.

Abb. When all is done.

And thou hast swel'd thy heapes; to say no more, Thy coffer's onely rich, and thou art poore: This common plague is on all Viurers showne: Th'haue much, yet are not masters of their owne. One day thy stintlesse mind shall have enough; When the divided peeces of thy felfe Shall in their seuerall doomed mansions dwell: Enough of mould in grave, of fire in hell. But I spend breath in vaine; come, let's proceed.

Gripe. No further: You have made my conscience bleed.

I heere confesse my selfe guilty of all,

Euen of this murder too.

Abbot. Let mercie fall on thy distressed soule. Now to the reft. veriz guda il un ad

Clark, Nicholas Bromley, you are indited for the musther of William Sager, &c. Guilty or not?

Brom. Not guilty? Who testifies against me! Ab In case of Murder should we never judge By circumstancial likelihoods and prelumptions. No life could be fecure:

Enter Nice.

Nic. Puffe! shift for your selves; Sir Bare Notwithstanding dares not be seene.

Brom. O. I am loft.

My Lord, I'm guilty: fo is Griffin too: He did conceale the fact, that I did doe, We shar'd the Lands together.

Abbot. Powerfull truth!

Murder will out, though by the Actors mouth. Gripe. O Beniamin, I haue vndone

My life, my flate, my credite, and my Sonne.





But I'm resolu'd to dye, so Monarchs must:
Rich men as well as poore, must turne to dust,
Ben. Me thinkes I could preuent all this.
Gripe. Alas, thou lov'st me; but tis not possible.
Ben. Sir, I haue here a booke already drawne,
Scale to it freely, and Ile saue your life.
You shall confirme me your vindoubted heire,
And then surrender Vasters morgag'd lands.

Grip. Tis done.

Ben. My Lord and all this bench be witnesse to it. Then thus I quit you, widdow, appeare in Court. In earnest, see, she lives, that dy'd in sport.

Wife. Sir, thanke your Drugster, else I had dy'd by you.

And you for me receiu'd a murderers due.

Grip. So, I am cousen'd finely, finely-

Val. My Lord, I challenge this widdow for cheating me of 200, pounds. This is one of her old trickes.

Abb. How's this?

Val. My Lord, my felfe and two intrusted friends
Came hither to pay money on a bond,
Whiles the receiver did deferre his comming.
We gave this coozening woman, being Hostice,
The whole summe to lay vp:and straightly charg'd her,
Not to deliver't, but to vs all together.
She sayes one of vs three demanded it
Ofher in haste, and ranne away: and thus
We lost our money, and the bond lies forfeit.

Ben. Your Lordships leave. Tis true, she not denies, But they so charg'd her, and she was so coozend. Therefore she yeelds to paiment. Let 'hem come All three together, they shall have the money.

Grif. Vpon my faith, a prettie quillet.

Abb. Wittie and iust. How say your heere produce The other two, your satisfaction's ready,

Ben. The widdow's cleard: but master Valentine--.
Nay,man, come neerer, you'd have present pay.

Val. No, Sir, let it euen goe. Ben. So must not you.

K

Scales.

The Hone | Lawyer.

You gaue 300. pound to her: tis true. Which like a subtle Quacksaluer, you robd My father of; Sprites, Fairies --- Val. I am cob'd. Grip. It's true, my lord: this is one of the Fairies.

Iustice,

Tustice.

Val. Well, if there be no remedie. I hope. I shall not dance alone ypon the rope. My lord, here's the other Fairie.

Abb. O Sir, haue I found you? Pull off that borrowd habite from his backe.

O that such foule deeds should be hid in blacke. Gripe. My Lord, this Widow's accessary too:

Sheplotted, the receiu'd. Iustice, iustice.

Ab. But late thy fong was mercy, now all justice?

Here's all the goodnes of an Viurer.

She fau'd his life, he would now hang her.

Gripe. She has robb'd me, vndone me. Val. It is most true, my lord, she plotted all.

Curf. (Your villanie, Office, we shall now recort.

You cheated vs, and we will hang you for't.

Ben. How doe these mischiefes grow, like Hidra's heads, faster by cutting off! Vast. Prodigious villaines! will they thus cast away an innocent woman?

Yet I most vile of all, that thus stand by, And for my fault behold my poore wife dye.

Ben. My lord, vpon my foule this woman's cleare:

And only malice thus accuseth her.

Ab. Speake, woman, art thou guilty? Wife. My lord, I begge a word with my Confessor, Then I shall answere. Sir, a word in private. To Vafter ..

Now Vaster, ope thy vnbeleeuing eyes: Lo, thy denoted wife for thy finne dyes. Yeeld but this kindnesse to my latest breath,

Thou hate'ft me liuing, loue me yet in death. Farewell--- My lord, I will not fay, I'm guilty;

Do as your euidence and wisedome leades you. Ab. This knot is hard to yndo. Vast. My lord, He help you.





Loe, I am that third Fairy, that pronounce This woman cleare, and those two perior'd knaues. We three are guilty: let your sentence come. I haue deseru'd, will not despaire my doome.

Wife. My lord, he fayes not true: hee's innocent: I guilty.

Ab. Speake on your foules, which of these tongues speak truth.

Val. Curf. Mylord, the woman's cleare.

Ab. Pernicious Villaines, hopelesse to be good: That thus have strone to spill the guiltlesse bloud. Widow, y'are quitted. Sir, waite you your doome.

Vast. With patience. Beniamin Gripe, I here accuse you for

murdering Richard Vafter. Ab. How?

Vast. My lord, I found that Vaster dying, bury'd him, Saw him receiving death by this mans sword.
Thest's a great sin, but murder most abhorr'd.

Ab. Speake; is this possible?

Ben. We met in single combate in the field: It seems his life vnto my sword did yeeld.

Ann. Ay me, my father flaine ? Rob. And by his friend?

Fare, whither will thy projects tend!

Ann. My husbands hand my fathers life vndoes: For this fact he must dye : thus both I lose.

Ben. Forgiue me all, by me you all haue lost, 'The wife a Husband, children a deare Parent: Thus I returne you all some recompence.

Nan thou shalt lose a husband. An. Heavens defend,

Ben. Mother, you lose a son, brother a friend.

Wife. Can nature so degenerate, that a man should live, stand by, and see another suffer for murdering him?

Wast. Once againe off disguise.
My lord, thus I preuent this sear'd disaster
My second case pull'd off, I am plaine Waster.
Rob. My sather? Wife. My deare husband.
Vast. Most, most deare friend.
My loue to you doth beyond bounds extend.

K a

My Lord, first to this honourable Bench,
I'here present the Kings most gracious pardon
For vs three here: heauen no lesse pardon vs.
Now to my wise: see wench, I am new borne;
Renc'd from the plague of a suspected horne.
Blacke I aundeys of the minde, thou fained spirit,
That haunts mens quiet thoughts with troubling shades.
Pernicious Ielousie, that like needlesse Physicke
Diuertest health to voluntary sicknesse,
I brush thee off like dust, Sec, I am now
New marry'd to my loue and to my life.
Neuer could man boast a more constant wise.
Deare Beniamin, now Sonne, what I haue lest
Of all my shipwrack'd fortbnes, shall be thine.
Ben. Resume your former state, my father yeelds it.

Vast. Thankes to your honestie, not his; yet thus, Some meanes of satisfaction I have found; Ile pay him backe his lost three hundred pounds.

The fairie money, which was just the price

Of my redeemed lands.

Ben. Now master Bromley,
That vniuersall mercie to our guilt,
May be affoorded, and no blood be spilt:
Surrender vp your lease for the three lines
To Sagers wife and children, and Ile quit you.

Brom. I do most freely yeeld it. Sag. Sager lives, And hartie thankes for your forc'd kindnesse gives.

Abb. Happy delutions! in such waics of ill, I wish men may be thus mistaken still.

Nic. Rauens, and Sprites, and Fairies, and Hares and diuels—Thus haue I lost my wench, lost my money, lost my watch, lost my wits. I doe here renounce the faith of all Almanackes, Physiogmoners, Palmists, Fortune-tellers. Erra Pater was an Asse, and so are Prognosticators, his children, from generation to generation.

Grip. I have drunke powerfuli physicke, and the Dropsie





Of my (till now) nere quenched auarice,
Dries vp like dew at the ascending Sunne.
Vaster, take back your lands; and for the money,
Giue it my sonne in portion with your daughter.
Hencesoorth Ile study to require the wrongs,
Which I have done poore men by vsurie,
And vomit vp th'extortions, that doe lie
As vndigested crudities on my conscience.
My sturre life shall bee in mercie spent.
I'm Gripe no more; that name I doe repent.

Abb. All Chronicles be fill'd with this; and let it
Beas a wonder to all eares imparted.
England had once an Vsurer converted.

EPILOGVE.



EPILOGVE.

Ben. THe Session now dissolves: each sustice rises:
No hurt is done; this is the milde Assists.
We have scap if faire thus faire: yet there remaines
A stronger independent to passe on our paines.
Too much to hope or doubt we must not dare.
We humbly then stand at your censures barre.
If the worst comes that may be; yet I looke.
For this grace, to be saved by my booke.
But if with your applanse our merit stands:
Faith then be friends with vs, and give's your hands.

FINIS.











































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